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## ORIGIN OF THE OHIO SCHOOL SYSTEM.

NO ONE can correctly give the origin of our Ohio school system without beginning with the services of Samuel Lewis, who was born in Falmouth, Massachusetts, March 17, 1799, of original pilgrim stock on his mother's side. When he was fourteen years of age his family, consisting of father and mother and nine children, journeyed from Falmouth, Massachusetts, to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with one wagon, drawn by two horses, the father and five sons walking. At Pittsburgh they secured a flat-boat and floated down the river to Cincinnati and settled on a farm near that city. Samuel became, soon after, a mail carrier between Cincinnati and Chillicothe, on horseback. The round trip then occupied seven days, and generally two nights. A little later he connected himself with a party of survey-

ors, who were then surveying Indiana. He afterwards learned the trade of carpentering and became very soon a skilled house-builder. But these occupations at no time were sought as an end or final life occupation. He was continually a hard student of science and literature, and in his evenings and leisure hours, and while riding on horseback in carrying the mails, he always was found with a book and at hard study. At the age of twenty he commenced the study of law with Judge Jacob Burnett of Cincinnati. At the same time he wrote in the clerk's office for thirty dollars a year and his board. He finally got the clerk to give him one hundred and twenty dollars a year in cash in place of his board, so he got one hundred and fifty dollars a year, out of which he paid his father fifty

dollars a year as the agreed purchase price for his time, leaving him one hundred dollars for his clothing, board, and the purchase of necessary elementary law books. Much of the time his board was literally bread and water, and his lodgings a cot in his preceptor's office. Judge Burnett charged him nothing for his tuition. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and almost immediately obtained a good practice so as to be able to buy a farm for his father and aid his younger brothers and sisters to educate themselves.

Very soon after entering his profession and becoming somewhat easy in his circumstances, his mind reverted to the hard road he had traveled in obtaining his education and profession, and being a very warm-hearted, Christian man, he naturally spent much time in trying to devise methods whereby the road he had traveled could be made easier for other boys similarly situated. In this way he soon became enthusiastically interested in popular education, and became the moving spirit in the public awakening that culminated finally in our present admirable common school system. He was a popular public speaker and a very successful advocate or jury lawyer. His great persuasive powers were used, on every proper occasion, in favor of popular education both on the platform and in private conversation with men of culture and influence. His first success in this line was in inducing his friend, William Woodard, to establish in Cincinnati a free grammar school in 1830. Mr. Woodard died three years later,

after appointing Mr. Lewis a life trustee of this school and property, with power to nominate his successor. The property left to this school is now worth considerably over a million dollars. Another fund, known as the Hughes fund, took a similar direction under the same influence, of which Mr. Lewis also became a trustee. These institutions are still largely supported from these funds, and are known as the Woodard and Hughes High Schools of Cincinnati, the crowning glories of Cincinnati's splendid system of public schools.

He was the earliest and most active supporter of the Western College of Teachers, established in 1831, and through this institution and its members he was able to much more rapidly extend his influence and teachings in favor of popular education.

At this time the state had, substantially, no public school fund, and not more than half the school districts in the state had school-houses, and a large proportion of the school-houses that had an existence were not worth to exceed ten dollars each. Every child entering these schools had to pay a tuition fee, the amount determined by the length of time of attendance. Very few districts maintained schools more than three months in a year, and many districts would be for years with no school at all.

The circle of Mr. Lewis' influence continued to widen until the beginning of 1837. When he and his views had become well-known over the state, the legislature passed a law creating the office of state superintendent of com-

mon schools, and elected him to the office.

Although the salary fixed for the office was only five hundred dollars a year, yet he saw it was an opportunity to accomplish much for the cause nearest his heart, and he made the sacrifice of leaving a practice which had become lucrative and accepted the position on a salary that would not pay more than one-fourth of his office expenses. He traveled almost all over the state on horseback during the year, speaking everywhere, and awakened great interest in his cause. At the meeting of the legislature at the beginning of 1838, he made a full and interesting report and recommended several important measures. The legislature had in it many able men, such as Seabury Ford (afterward governor), Benjamin F. Wade, Leicester King, David Starkweather, John A. Foote, William Medill, W. B. Thrall, Alfred Kelley, Nelson Barrere, Van Hook, etc. This legislature created a school fund of \$200,000 to be divided equally throughout the state, though to be withheld from districts failing to maintain schools for at least the prescribed minimum of time, gave to cities and incorporated towns power to establish schools of higher grade than was common, authorized school districts to levy taxes to build school-houses, provided for county school examiners, and many acts of less importance, and increased the superintendent's salary from five hundred to twenty-four hundred dollars a year.

Mr. Lewis continued his very valua-

ble services during 1838 and 1839, and very much increased the qualifications of the teachers, the quality of the schools, and the general intelligence and interest in the matter of popular education.

Professor C. E. Stowe, D. D., of Lane Theological seminary of Cincinnati, was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Lewis, and shared with him in his zeal for popular education. In 1836 Professor Stowe went abroad for the purpose of securing a library for Lane seminary, and was requested, in behalf of the state of Ohio, to examine into the school system of Prussia and some other German states. He reported to the legislature at the session of 1837-8. This report was one of the most interesting documents on popular education ever published in the United States, and attracted great attention everywhere. The Prussian public schools were well graded, embraced a very complete course of study, secured thorough teachers and teaching, were absolutely free to all, and attendance was made compulsory.

When Professor Stowe's report was made public through the legislature, many persons in all parts of the state, who owned much property and few children, took the alarm and readily saw that the teachings and aims of Mr. Lewis were free schools in Ohio. They denied the right of the state to tax the rich to educate the poor. This element became a formidable opposition to Mr. Lewis during his third year, and when the next legislature met it was found strong enough in the legislature

and lobbies to secure a repeal of the law creating a state superintendent of public schools, and Mr. Lewis went out of office, and his direct connection with the state school system ended. However, his genius and thought is found in many of the best features of our school system to-day. He did the cause of popular education great service, and the people of our state owe to his memory much gratitude.

The dominating influence of this reactionary faction was bad, and, in a great measure, controlling for several years thereafter; and yet Mr. Lewis left an impress never to be effaced, so that our present system, though secured in later years, after a hard fought contest, still has in it more of the plan and thought of Honorable Samuel Lewis than of any other man.

In 1839 Dr. Asa D. Lord came from St. Lawrence county, New York, and started a school under the name of "The Western Reserve Teachers' seminary," in the old Mormon temple at Kirtland, in Lake county. This school was primarily intended to educate common school teachers, but also had a classical department and prepared young men for college. Dr. Lord was a mild tempered and quiet man, genteel and dignified, yet very positive, sincere and earnest. He was an indefatigable student, and a most ardent advocate of free public school education. His zeal and enthusiasm in pressing this cause knew no bounds. He possessed also a remarkable ability to impress himself and his views upon his pupils. He almost immediately built up a large

school, composed almost exclusively of young men and women who desired to fit themselves thoroughly for teachers. Students came to him from almost all parts of the state, more largely, of course, from northern Ohio. Every graduate went home a zealous advocate of free classified schools. Thus hundreds of intelligent and enthusiastic teachers went from this school every year into all parts of the state, and everywhere taught and preached free schools. At that time it was the custom in the country schools for teachers to "board around." They were paid so much a month and boarded; and it was expected that they would go from house to house among those who sent their children to school. The time they remained at each house was proportioned to the number of children in school from each family. This plan had the virtue of giving to these teachers an excellent opportunity to inculcate their views in relation to our common school system—an opportunity of which few failed to avail themselves. Under this process, public sentiment rapidly underwent a thorough change, and the patrons of the common schools were becoming favorable to the plan of free graded schools. There was, however, a quite large and influential class who strongly opposed the plan, and became more and more outspoken as it increased in popularity.

The opposition was really composed of more than one class. First, were the large property holders, who denied the justice of taxing one man to educate

another man's children. Second, those who were unwilling to have their children go to the same school as the children of the poor; or children of those of alleged lower social rank. Such parents felt, as they must be to the expense of sending their children to private or select schools, they ought not to be taxed to support schools they would not patronize. Third, there was still another class who opposed free schools on the ground that it was bad policy to educate the poor, that the tendency of education was to make the poor discontented, unwilling to work for a support.

In 1843 another educational institution was devised, novel in its character but powerful in its influence. That was "The Teachers' Institute." This was intended, nominally, to furnish a course of practical lectures and teachings to teachers, continuing from one to three weeks. But a leading object was to reach the thinking men and women of the public at large. The days were generally used for the benefit of teachers and the evenings for popular addresses to the public on educational matters. In these evening meetings a time was set apart for questions or criticisms from the public, and often resulted in spirited discussions of the merits of a free school system. The objections were of a nature not to gain friends by their discussion, or even statement, in public. The teachers' institutes were usually held at the county towns all over the state. The first was held in Sandusky, and was conducted principally by Dr. Lord, Mr. M. F. Cow-

dery (both of whom are now dead); Dr. John Nichols, now of Columbus, and the writer. All were teachers or professors in the Western Reserve Teachers' seminary. The vacations of the seminary were almost all devoted to teachers' institutes, by these professors, for several years. Other lecturers at these institutes rapidly developed as soon as the plan was understood, so that scores of them were being held at the same time in different parts of the state. One of the most efficient was Honorable T. W. Harvey of Painesville, late state commissioner of common schools. Another very efficient lecturer, who came into the work a few years later, was Colonel Loren Andrews, afterward president of Kenyon college, who died during the war of disease contracted in the army, where he was colonel of the Fourth Ohio infantry. Colonel Andrews was a pleasing and brilliant speaker, and exercised a powerful influence wherever he spoke. In 1845 and 1846 Dr. Lord, Mr. M. F. Cowdery, Colonel Loren Andrews and the writer divided the state into four sections, each taking a section to work up as thoroughly as possible. Each secured all the assistance possible, and in this way public meetings were held in almost every town and city in the state of as many as one thousand inhabitants. This resulted in a very general interest being awakened everywhere, and many members of the legislature of both parties were committed in favor of free schools—still there was not a majority. Great care had all along been exercised to keep the question out of politics.

An effort was always made to have both a Whig and a Democrat speak at each meeting. The effort was successful—it never became a party question.

In the autumn of 1845 a series of meetings was held at Akron which were attended very largely by the citizens, who became very anxious to adopt the plan in the schools at once. The lecturers there were Mr. M. F. Cowdery, Honorable T. W. Harvey and the writer. A committee of citizens and the writer were selected to devise some practical plan for the town of Akron. We drafted a bill for a local law for Akron alone, which proved satisfactory to a meeting of the citizens, and a mammoth petition to the legislature was got up, and General L. Bierce and Mr. H. K. Smith of Akron, and the writer were appointed a committee to take the bill and the petition to Columbus and lay them before the legislature and get the bill made into a local law if possible. When the legislature met we went there and had no difficulty whatever in getting the bill through both houses without change or amendment. Honorable Harvey Rice of this city, who was a leading Democrat, and Judge Worcester of Norwalk, who was a leading Whig, were both in the legislature, if I remember correctly, and both were strongly in favor of free schools. The people of Akron elected a board of education in the spring of 1846, and in September of that year the writer was invited there to organize and superintend their schools. They were organized at first into three grades, and an excellent class of teachers was selected

and the schools were started. There were a dozen or more private schools in the town, patronized by children too good to attend school with those not able to pay tuition, so but little more than half of the children within the school age were in the public schools. This state of things did not, however, last long. It was soon discovered that the best teachers, the best discipline and the best instruction were in the public free schools, so that the children from the private schools began to find their way to the public schools as fast as room could be provided for them, and before the end of the first year the last private school had closed. As soon as the schools were fairly in operation, delegations of citizens of other towns and cities commenced visiting Akron to examine into the workings of what was soon known all over the state as the Akron school law. Scarcely a day passed without visitors in every school room in the town. The papers made frequent and very favorable mention of the workings of the system, and the people soon became very proud of their school system.

At the next meeting of the legislature, on petitions, the Akron law was extended to several other cities and towns. I think the next town after Akron to adopt the system was Sandusky. Two years later the number of such petitions was so great that the legislature passed a general law authorizing any city or incorporated town in the state to adopt the Akron law by a majority vote of its voters at any regular election. Under this provision there was a quite general

adoption of the law in towns and cities.

The opposition to free schools, under the light of the operation of the system in the towns, rapidly diminished, so that in the session of 1852-3 a general law was passed extending the Akron law, with the necessary modifications to adapt it to country schools, to the whole state.

Honorable Harvey Rice and Judge Worcester were very earnest in their efforts from the beginning of the contest in favor of the system. The people of Akron had been somewhat educated up to the plan by a little paper published at Akron called the *Pestalozzian*, edited and published by E. L. Sawtell and H. K. Smith, devoted exclusively to the cause of free schools. It was published about one year.

The general cause was also aided by

a similar paper published at Cincinnati and edited by Mr. Samuel Lewis and Professor Calvin E. Stowe, called the *Common School Director*. Also by a like paper published and edited by Dr. Bowen at Massillon, called *The Free School Clarion*. These papers were all established to advocate the cause of free schools, and went out of existence as soon as free schools were established.

I have named only a few of those who led in the work. A very large number in various parts of the state rendered valuable aid. The press of the state, almost without exception, favored the measure.

The final passage of the general law, in the session of 1852-3, fully recognized the great doctrine that the property of the state should educate the children of the state.

M. D. LEGGETT.

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#### REMINISCENCES OF WISCONSIN—1842 TO 1848.

I WENT when a lad of sixteen to the Wisconsin lead mines, in the spring of 1842. Galena, Illinois, nine miles south of the Wisconsin line, gave the name to this mining region, which extended over an area of perhaps fifty miles square, adjacent parts of Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. The largest and most productive part was in Wisconsin, extending through the counties of Grant and Iowa. Iowa county then embraced the present Lafayette county.

These lead mines were to the then

twenty-six states, with seventeen millions population, something of what California, Colorado and Montana have since been to the larger country. The *eldorado* of the enterprising and daring—men of talents and distinguished ancestry were there—men of the highest moral character, and men and women of the lowest—a strange commingling of all classes. William Schuyler Hamilton, a son of the great Alexander, lived on the Pecatonica river. A son of Ethan Allen of Ticon-

deroga fame, "In the name of God and the Continental congress" was engaged in mining. He had been a captain in the regular army, but had resigned some years before. Men of the highest ability in the professions were there. Jim Churchman of Dubuque and Galena was the most eloquent lawyer I ever heard. The brilliant Alexander P. Field, afterwards of New Orleans, was United States district attorney for Wisconsin; Frank Dunn, brother of Judge Charles Dunn, was an able and successful lawyer; Thompson Campbell and Joseph P. Hoge, both of whom were members of congress from the Galena district, were remarkable men; Edward D. Baker, United States senator from California and Oregon, one of the most brilliant men this country has ever had, went to congress from this same Galena district, which the late E. B. Washburne represented so long; Washburne and Judge Drummond, recently retired from the United States district court, were lawyers in Galena; Moses M. Strong of Mineral Point, yet living, was in 1842 a leading lawyer of the lead mines; Samuel Crawford and M. M. Cothran, afterwards of the supreme court of Wisconsin, were then young lawyers in the mining village of New Diggings; Nelson Dewey, the first governor of the state of Wisconsin, was a lawyer of Grant county; John M. Douglass, afterward long connected with the Illinois Central railroad as attorney and president, was a diligent lawyer of Galena, skilled in mining cases.

The discovery of gold in California

caused an exodus from the Galena lead mines of its most enterprising miners and its most distinguished professional men. The extinguishing of the Indian title to lands on Lake Superior, and the opening of the copper region there, drew a large contingent.

In the spring of 1847, with a friend, George W. Brownell, a geologist and mining expert, I went to the St. Croix river, now the northwest boundary of Wisconsin, to explore for copper on the upper tributaries of that river, particularly Kettle river. It was Brownell's theory that the copper-bearing rocks of Lake Superior continued west, or would be found cropping out on the St. Croix. The policy of the government then was not to sell its mineral lands, but to lease them, getting a royalty from the mineral produced. Strangely these lands were in charge of the war department. Mining permits were granted by the war department, to be located on unsurveyed lands, to be designated by natural boundaries, rivers, etc. A permit was obtained and located at the Falls of St. Croix, three miles square, by a Boston company, of which three distinguished men were members—Caleb Cushing, Rufus Choate and Robert Rantoul, jr. My friend was agent for this company. The same company had a location near Ontonagon, I think, on Lake Superior, of which Mr. Brownell had charge, in the summer of 1846.

Caleb Cushing came out in the fall of 1846 to Lake Superior, by way of the lakes, ascended the Bois Brule river by canoe, made portage to the St. Croix

and the Mississippi. In 1847 and 1848 Robert Rantoul, jr., visited the Falls of St. Croix as president of the company that owned the town site, mills, etc. It was the design of these influential men that the capital of the new territory, to be formed after Wisconsin should become a state, should be at the Falls of St. Croix. It was expected that the Chippewa river, and a line from its headquarters to the Montreal river on Lake Superior, would be the northwestern boundary of Wisconsin, leaving the St. Croix valley entirely in the new territory.

The first convention to form a state constitution for Wisconsin, held in 1846, proposed a line fifteen miles east of the most easterly point of St. Croix lake. This constitution was rejected by popular vote. The public discussion before the vote on the constitution was earnest. I heard Wm. Scuyler Hamilton and Moses M. Strong in public debate in the mining village of Benton, Strong in favor and Hamilton against adoption. The eastern Wisconsin members of the convention, immigrants by way of the lakes, of New England origin, had engrafted on the constitution some progressive ideas, women's rights, homestead exemptions, etc., a good many matters that were properly subjects of legislation rather than fundamental law. Western Wisconsin had been settled by way of the Mississippi river from Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, etc., and was more conservative, voting heavily against the constitution.

A new convention was at once called, which met in the winter of 1847-8. My

friend Brownell was the member from St. Croix county, the only member north of Prairie du Chien. He tried hard to get a boundary line either by the Chippewa and Montreal rivers, or starting below the Chippewa from the Mississippi river at Mont Tremplau, thence due north. The eastern members remembering that in the discussion of the late rejected constitution it had been urged that it had unwisely relinquished all of the territory bordering on Lake Superior, successfully advocated a boundary up the Mississippi above the Falls of St. Anthony to the Rum river, thence to the St. Louis river and Lake Superior. Much to our disappointment, this boundary was incorporated in the new constitution. This constitution was adopted by vote of the people in March, 1848, and a legislature elected to meet the following June. St. Croix county, constituting a legislative district, embraced a large country on the east bank of that river, also all of Minnesota between the St. Croix and Mississippi and Rum rivers—now the most populous part of Minnesota, including the cities of St. Paul, Stillwater, Minneapolis, East Anoka, etc. This district was entitled to one member of the lower house of the legislature, and was part of a senatorial district extending from the Wisconsin river at Prairie du Chien to Lake Superior.

At the election for members of the legislature, I received a majority in the whole district, but my opponent, Joseph Bowron of Willow river (now Hudson), got a majority of the votes on the east side of the St. Croix. Before the first

legislature met, congress acted on the admission of the state to the Union, and on this question of boundary rejected the Rum river line proposed by the convention of Wisconsin, and fixed the present St. Croix river line, which was the one originally proposed by congress.

Mr. Bowron and myself went to Madison, each claiming to represent the St. Croix district, I, by virtue of having the certificate of election in the entire district, Bowron, by virtue of a certificate showing that he had a majority on the east side of the St. Croix, all of the district which remained in Wisconsin after the admission of the state. We were both admitted to seats in the assembly, but without vote, until the question of which was the rightful member should be decided.

A resolution of the assembly was adopted, asking the attorney-general's opinion, which in due time was given in favor of Bowron. While I had a seat in the legislature, the election of United States senators took place. Isaac P. Walker of Milwaukee and

Ex-Governor Henry Dodge were chosen by Democratic majority. Byron Kilbourne of Milwaukee and Judge Charles Dunn were close competitors in the party caucus. The Whigs voted for Wm. Scuyler Hamilton and the venerable Ebenezer Brigham of Blue Mounds.

At the election in the autumn of 1848, we tried to elect candidates from the St. Croix assembly and senatorial districts who would agitate for a change of this northwestern boundary. The senatorial district extended from Prairie du Chien to Lake Superior. I made a trip to La Pointe, on the island in Lake Superior opposite Bayfield, where the American Fur company's trading post was, to secure votes for the candidates who favored a change of boundary, but they failed of an election.

The next March Minnesota was made a territory, embracing all of what was formerly Wisconsin between the St. Croix and Mississippi rivers, with St. Paul the capital, which settled the question of the St. Croix river coterminous boundary for all time.

WM. R. MARSHALL.

## THE FIRST TEACHER OF MINNESOTA.

VERY few of the readers of the *MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY* are aware that the first teacher of a school in the then territory, and now state, of Minnesota was a young lady who went from Cleveland to the then almost unknown, or but little known, Falls of the Mississippi, at St. Paul. A few travelers or venturesome explorers or tourists had made their way up to the falls, but the whole territory was in the possession of "savage beasts and still more savage men." It was not a desirable place for a young lady who had been brought up and educated in the surroundings and the refinements and advantages of a Vermont home, and was at the time of her departure enjoying the pleasures of the social and intellectual culture of the society of the young city of Cleveland, in the home of her brother, the late well-known and highly respected Judge Jesse P. Bishop, to leave for a wilderness home and brave the hardships and privations of a frontier life. Nothing but the sublime faith of a true Christian woman led her forth to her work, under the guidance and direction of the board of the National Popular Education society, whose purpose was "to aid and advance the cause of popular Christian education in our country." This the committee of the board of managers proposed to do "through the agency of female teachers, to be in-

vited to the occupancy of destitute places, and furnished, when necessary, with the means of reaching the fields of their labor." The city of Cleveland was at its organization interested in this great and noble work of popular education, as the following members of the board in that city bear ample testimony: Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Aiken, Rev. Benjamin K. Maltby, Rev. Seymour W. Adams, Rev. George B. Perry, Rev. S. B. Canfield, Honorable John W. Allen, Honorable Sherlock J. Andrews, T. P. Handy, esq., James M. Hoyt, esq., and William D. Beattie, esq. All of these gentlemen, except Messrs. Handy and Hoyt, have joined "the great majority" on "the other side;" have gone to receive the welcome of the Father of mercies, of "well done, good and faithful servants." The two yet living are most faithful workers in their Master's vineyard, honored, respected, beloved.

Ex-Governor William Slade of Vermont, was the able and laborious president of the National board.

I know not whether Miss Bishop is yet living or not; if yes, what a history of personal and interesting reminiscences she could write. How different from the time she wrote in October, 1848: "It may be a matter of interest to you that my school-house is the only one on the Mississippi above Dubuque.

Prairie du Chien, settled the same year as Philadelphia, has never had one. Mine, of course, is the first in the new territory of Minnesota, though Miss Hosford (another of the teachers of the board) has one nearly completed." Again, on December 18, she writes, "My new school-house is comfortable, and my prospects for usefulness were never so flattering. The entire aspect of the school is changed and I never witnessed a greater proficiency—so much, indeed, that it is an astonishment to myself." She writes later in the year, "As for regrets, I have none that I embarked in this enterprise. It is a theme of praise that I was permitted to come to this difficult and trying field of labor. God has blessed me in it, and I have no wish to retire from the work. I have now about thirty white scholars; one year ago there were but eight."

Another teacher writes from a far-off wilderness home, "I would rather be here in this capacity than to be a queen on a throne."

Such was the feeble beginning of the foundation of schools for all children in the then far away territory of Minnesota, that had about the same number of people in its domain in 1850 that the city of Cleveland had in 1840—only six thousand.

It was well for the permanent prosperity of the now great northwest that the first teachers of the schools established were under the immediate care of young, educated, self-sacrificing Christian women, who had sublime faith and hope in the aspirations for good

that were inwrought into their very souls. Can the debt that is due to the early women teachers of the west ever be paid? They went out from Christian homes, where the voice of prayer was daily heard, and where "hymns and psalms and spiritual songs" made sweetest melody at the family altar, where morning and evening sacrifices were offered to the Giver of all good.

How marvelous has been the growth of Minnesota! There, where in 1848 there was one school of eight children, instructed daily by one Christian young woman, and only one school-house north of Prairie du Chien, in 1884, at the latest statistics I have there were 1,744 male teachers and 4,776 female; 359,336 children of school age from five to twenty-one years; 232,721 enrolled in public schools; \$2,238,073 paid to teachers, and total expenditure for education in the state, \$2,587,544. Besides, they have four theological colleges, two medical and three of liberal arts. What progress and advancement in common school and in higher education within the memory of those who have not yet reached the half century of life!

Such is the history of public education in Minnesota, in which Cleveland bore an early part.

Woman, the natural educator of our race, is now greatly in the ascendant in all our schools. She is giving instruction to the children and youth of the state. This is well, for the rain and the sunshine do not cause the earth to bud and blossom with more certainty

and beauty than does the influence of Christian woman cause the growth of all the virtues in the heart of man.

As long as our mothers upon their bended knees teach their children to

say "Our Father which art in heaven," our country, freighted as it is with so many blessings for mankind, is safe.

JAMES A. BRIGGS.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF CLEVELAND—HER BUILDERS AND BUILDINGS.

"Thus builders pile their mounds of mind or pelf,  
And each in character transmits itself;  
Now moundless, though diversity we trace,  
And difference in altitude or grace."

—B. P. SHILLABER—MOUND-BUILDERS.

IT IS without, in the least measure, intending to controvert any of the expressed "Recollections of Cleveland" my friend, D. W. Cross, has given in the October number of the *MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY*, that I am induced to draw a faint parallel, inspired by his well articulated views, with recollection of that class of men who, possibly, should share an equally honored place in history, with those whose chosen occupation, by chance, has brought their intellectual faculties more prominently before the people. It is of the early mechanics of Cleveland I will endeavor to call back to memory something, respecting their personality, something which their heads and hands have done to make Cleveland what she is.

It is exactly fifty-one years to a day since the steamer *North America* landed a young man upon the wharf in Cleveland who had precious little fire or ambition; and a fourth-class lawyer may have been spoiled by his parents insisting that it would be far

more honorable to acquire the art of making a good waxed end; and when my friend Cross, in the "Recollections" he gives to us that it was "nearly forty-five years ago" that he landed in Cleveland, it is of record on the old Franklin house register that himself and the chirographer hereof were not a week apart in making their *debut* in this famous city—famous now, but not so much thus fifty-one years ago. Possibly, as my friend gives no date to his paper, he has had it laid away in his portfolio the past six years and only now submits it to the enduring form of type for our gratification, yet the context proves that he was present at the battle of the bridge as evidently as he was present at the "Battle of the Nile."\*

But to my purpose:

The hopes and expectations of the early settlers of Cleveland could not possibly have reached to a city of a quarter of a million during the short period it has been on trial. Did Father Doan, who now lives to see what Cleveland is to-day, have the

\* Mr. Cross' paper was written several years before publication.—Editor.]

remotest idea what would come of the little hamlet he found when he landed here some eighty years ago?

Judge Spalding, in addressing the first annual meeting of the Early Settlers' Association of Cuyahoga county, said: "Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is the following anecdote, told me by my mother: She said that late in the autumn of the year 1796, General Cleaveland spent an evening at her father's house, and in the course of conversation said to her mother: 'Mrs. Paine, while I was in New Connecticut, I laid out a town on the bank of Lake Erie, which was called by my name, and I believe the child is now born that will live to see that place as large as Old Windham.'" Having no recently published gazetteer, I am not able to see the progress of the race between the two rival hamlets, yet am inclined to adjudge the general to have been a tolerably foresighted man.

The method of founding cities among the ancients of the old world varied from that of the people of the new. Some emperor or king or general would say to his men, "Here will we found a city," and then they followed the imperial order and built up a city, some to fall into ruins and some to remain in being to the present day.

The American people, much like the industrious ants, after finding a good location and materials handy, climate and soil to suit, go to work by littles and do the best with the material within reach and let the consequences take care of themselves. At one time within the lifetime of Cleaveland, about every stream which had an outlet in Lake Erie had a prospective city

on its banks, but the industrious ants were not gathering in great numbers to build on every one of them.

The present purpose is not to compare the growth of Cleveland with "Old Windham," or the many cities on the lake shore that have once been on an even plane with her; it is simply proposed to review some of the processes and forces which are the more certain means of building a city—something of the men who have been most instrumental in making her what she is, and what she is soon to become—the metropolis of Ohio.

First in line came the explorer to spy out the land, then the engineer to survey and stake it out in behalf of those who claimed a title, and then came the pioneer with his axe and grub-hoe to cut a hole in the woods that the sun might help to make the soil yield enough to live—subsist upon. Immediately following this class of venturesome men came others with saws and hammers, broad-axes and square rules, chisels and augers, stone-hammers and trowels, as well as other appliances for building comfortable habitations for shelter. Right along like the movements of an army in actual service come the camp-followers; just as soon as a neighborhood is formed and the people begin to become forehanded, come the clergyman missionary to look after and save souls, the doctor to look after and save bodies, and the lawyer to look after and help the settler to save his money. After all these come the gambler to gather in what is over for his own advantage. Close following all these comes the speculator to try and see if he can't make a profit from an investment out of other people's labor—buy a farm or lot

here and there, and go back to Old or New England and wait for the country to grow up and make him rich; it is ever thus, nor can Henry George or any other man prevent the inordinate greed of humanity to take all the advantage of a neighbor, or even a stranger, that their genius and cupidity will dictate.

To take a look at the earliest map of Cleveland any one would naturally infer that there was no intent to found a city of any considerable proportions. What is seen in the foreground, or even the background, would possibly be a hut for a fisherman or a trapper or a wood-chopper, who has a cord or two of wood to sell to some stray vessel that may put in for supplies—no evidences of the skilled artisan anywhere to be seen. Ten years later something more would be seen in the picture—a house or two with a gable, an architrave, a frieze and a cornice, and after years develop a trace of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite, only to be swept out of view by Queen Anne or King Conglomerate to outdo some neighbor in the eccentric and startle them with the wonderful. It would perplex the brain of an old time architect to define the order we are building our homes in at the present day.

Who and where are the men who handled the saw, the jack-plane, the stone-hammer and the trowel sixty years ago, and helped to build a city that has made a name at home and abroad?

If I follow the line of my predecessor it would be proper to start from the "Bridge war," the era of which being contemporaneous with our advent. Then it was that the artisan who figured most in the eyes

of the people was James S. Clark, a man of wonderful nerve and foresight, and a mechanic and builder, who not only built for his time, but for the time that should follow him. He could well see what were the needs of the people, and how their ultimate prosperity could be acquired by a line of well-appointed improvements. He saw a wide and fertile country to the south and west that needed an inlet to the centre of the city. At that time the only means of crossing the river was at Division street, now Centre street. He took upon himself the responsibility of building the Columbus street bridge, grading down the ninety-five feet of embankment (first obtaining a charter for a tolled bridge), completing the work in an admirable manner, and then presenting his work to the county, thus making an easy and cheap avenue to Cleveland, which the bristling city of Ohio did not like, and with force and arms rebelled against. The history of that rebellion, so often and so concisely written, need not be repeated now, but the architect and builder of the great work which led to it is, to this day, as well known to fame as any of the early settlers. He looked for his reward in the advanced value of the lots he had plotted on the flats, but he left the city some years thereafter with his labors unrewarded, and if fortune was his only aim, he probably would have had better pecuniary success if he had labored merely with his head and looked after others' affairs than his own, for he had a well-balanced brain.

James Kellogg has left the best monument of his skill, that has stood the test of over a half century on Superior street—the American house. Mr. Kellogg although

not properly a builder, had the skill of a well-drilled mechanic in that line. His first work in Cleveland was as a manufacturer of paper, operating the first paper mill in the county. Familiarly known by everyone in his day as Jimmy Kellogg, he was of easy approach and possessed with a generous flow of good humor, ran his hotel for a time with his son at a loss, and quit the world a poor man. A churchman in religion, he published to the world that at one time, while riding in a stage-coach in New York, he was a fellow-passenger with the notorious Tom Paine, the infidel, and that Tom confessed to him that he had renounced his belief and was then a firm believer in the revelations of the Bible, and had left off his habit of intemperance. The men who performed the manual labor on that pile (*The American*) were John M. Brown and James Pannel, while within the last quarter of a century an additional story has been added by other hands, at the instance of men who follow in the wake of manual labor. Mr. Kellogg did not reap the reward of his early enterprise, but left little or nothing for his posterity to quarrel over.

Moses A. Elldridge was one of these hard working, earnest, anxious builders who has left his mark on many a brick and stone wall that may stand for many years to come. The old Baptist church, which was erected on the corner of Champlain and Seneca streets, has had many changes within the past fifty years. It was erected by Mr. Elldridge in 1835, and was the first church edifice of brick in the city, and regarded with pride by every citizen. Once occupied by the fol-

lowers of John the Baptist, it became too small for their increasing numbers, and the worshipers went elsewhere, leaving the consecrated walls to be occupied by the county for a hall of justice from which criminals were tried and sentenced to penal servitude. Fire had bereft the edifice of its spire, but the walls are there still as a monument for its original purpose and the builder, but the legends on the outer walls tell a vastly different story than those on the inner ones in its earliest days. Mr. Elldridge had the respect of the community, and although he may have been less of the careful, shrewd money-getting sort, he meant to do his work well. He left the city in a vain hope to recruit his fortunes on the Pacific coast, closing his career in Cleveland after he had laid the last brick on the Weddell house, which building himself and George P. Smith erected a little more than forty years ago. Yet farther back than this we can look upon other monuments of Mr. Elldridge's work, now in their full tide of successful occupancy: The Farmers' block, also the Mechanics' block, now otherwise known as the two buildings, respectively, on the east side of Ontario street, at the corner of Prospect street. He built, in connection with George P. Smith, the Merchants' exchange, on Superior street, now named the "Leader building."

The Cuyahoga Steam Furnace company building, corner Detroit and Centre streets, bears on its face the legend that it has been standing there over fifty-three years, and its fire has scarcely been out of blaze for all that time.

John B. Weigman has a record among

the builders of Cleveland that ranges parallel with any for faithful and honest execution of work. Cropping out all along the line of the older streets can be seen the work of his hand, and among the many can be seen St. John's cathedral, which was begun forty years ago or more. Mr. Weigman has filled many positions of honor and trust with credit to himself and profit to his constituents, while his habit and manner are so unpretentious, few would know that his life has been spent thus far in doing what he has to make the city habitable as well as ornamental.

In advance of these busy men who have made an honorable mark, should be placed the name of James Pannel, a man whose name attaches to more of the earlier buildings in and around Cleveland than any other, living or dead. The mark of stability follows his work, and were he not now in vigorous life and robust manhood, much more could be said respecting his integrity of purpose and his determination in all these years to keep his record up to the standard he started out with in the year 1832, when he was induced by Governor Wood to go with him out to Rockport and build a residence in the native forests—a building that has weathered a half century, and is likely to withstand more than another. Cleveland is dotted over with Mr. Pannel's monuments as well of modern as of ancient build. It is not a year since the old Weddell cottage on Euclid avenue stood as one of his early works. The Empire block, Edmund Clark and John Shelly blocks on Water street; George C. Dodge and J. H. Crittenden's resi-

dences on Euclid avenue; the older court-house, the old Ellery cottage, which stood on Superior street extension, east of Erie street, now removed to Muirson street farther north, the William Smyth house, now occupied by H. M. Claflen, and portions of the American house.

W. V. Craw would not be regarded by the present generation as a prominent builder of the olden times. His varied occupation for the past fifty-five years should not take from him the credit of building some of Cleveland's more early edifices. Until the last fraction of this year Mr. Craw has maintained that careful attention to business, insomuch that scarce a day in the past fifty years and more he has been missing from his office or from the building he had contracted to complete. The old Cleveland Centre block, which has had ever so many transformations, is one of the early monuments he has been the moving principal of its being. Miller's block is another; also the Chapman mansion on the West Side, which has its rear end looking toward Pearl street, having been built to face the valley; also the Dr. Long (stone) mansion on Woodland avenue (long the residence of the late Erastus Gaylord) the three-story brick block on Columbus street, corner Willey; the old brick tavern (Young's) in Brighton; the Mark Whitelaw residence on Lake street; Rev. Dr. Avery's residence, Euclid avenue; the Brainard residence, Sheriff street; the Dr. Mathivet residence, corner Lake and Ontario streets—all of these are half century monuments yet remaining as the handiwork of the Craws. Mr. Craw was one of the original architects and builders of the city itself—shaping its topography, its schools and all

its early improvements ; having all these years worked to a greater profit for others than himself, he is enabled to look upon a city of a quarter million people that he helped to set on foot with a couple of thousand, and is now enabled to look out upon its vast labyrinth of avenues, reflecting that he is the only living representative of its government at the time it assumed the panoply of a city.\*

C. W. Heard had a reputation as a builder not inferior to any, and monuments of his skill are broadcast. He was among the earliest of the architects and builders of the city, a careful and considerate man, whose sole aim was to make his work to bear the most rigid inspection, and be fully up to, if not better than the contract. Among the early contracts of Mr. Heard was the stone mansion standing on the northeast corner of Ontario street and the park, once owned and occupied by Charles M. Giddings, and more recently by N. E. Crittenden ; it does not have the appearance of a dwelling with its present surroundings. The Judge Starkweather residence, corner of Lake and Water streets, is another. The T. P. Handy residence, now the Union club-house, and the George B. Merwin residence, built at the (then) end of Prospect street, at Sterling avenue, moved farther south to give place to the opening of Prospect street farther east ; also the present residence of Mr. Merwin in Rockport, the Case hall block and the New England hotel and St. Paul's church. Neither of the two last named is now standing. No one in the line of master-builder

\* While the above applies to the legislative branch of the city, it should not be forgotten that at that time Henry B. Payne was the city clerk of Cleveland ; and even the most partisan Republican will admit that Mr. Payne is tolerably active and somewhat prominent in public life.

exercised more care in superintending the work than C. W. Heard ; always present and in the most dangerous positions to see that the work was properly executed. Twice to the personal knowledge of the writer has he been taken home on a stretcher after falling from high points of buildings ; he was not only superintending but helping to place the timbers in proper position.

W. J. Warner was among the first to commence to build up Cleveland in its better form. For many years Mr. Warner was connected in business with his brother-in-law, Mr. George Witherell, and the firm had a reputation reaching far beyond the limits of Cleveland. Mr. Witherell becoming engaged in erecting light-houses along the coast of the lakes, severed his connection in the building firm, when Mr. Warner united himself with C. W. Heard, firm name of Heard & Warner. This company had a wide range for their labors and a reputation that was worthy the men. One of Mr. Warner's individual contracts was the government building (post-office) in its original form ; another was the Tracy & Kelley block, corner Superior and Seneca streets, a part of which is still standing.

Henry Blair is in no wise to be placed behind any builder named for all the qualities of a man and well-skilled mechanic. He had customers who would have no other if they could secure Henry Blair.

H. L. Noble was contemporaneous with those already named. Although not as active and prominent as some, his mild manner and careful efforts to do his work well gave him the reputation of being equal to any of his competitors in skill and executive ability.

George P. Smith is now, and has been, as familiar to the people of Cleveland as a prominent builder as any one living or dead. The city was small; he began to place substantial monuments of use all over the young city. It was himself and Moses A. Elldridge who built the Weddell house, and the Merchants' exchange. And now that he has reached the age allotted to men of his uniform habits, he still remains active in looking after the interests of the local enterprises wherein he has invested a portion of his surplus, while he takes a youthful delight in spending a portion of his summers on the old farm near Newport, Rhode Island, the central spot of his ancestors that has been their home for nearly two hundred years.

John M. Brown was one of the most active architects and builders Cleveland ever had. It was Brown who drew the plans and executed the principal part of the American house in 1835 and 1836. He also built the Judge T. M. Kelley mansion on Euclid avenue.

Erastus Smith was active more than fifty years ago in building and overseeing the progress of buildings under other contractors. He superintended the erection of the old Insurance block, northwest corner of Water and Superior streets, which stands as firm as when it had its coping placed thereon.

Jefferson Thomas, in the many contracts he made, acquired a reputation for good work that gave him an excellent lead in his profession. Although slow in all his movements, he never was accused of making mistakes. There are many monuments to his credit among the older buildings of the city.

A. J. Piper may possibly be rated as

slow in his mechanical movements, but he is equally sure. He is one of the old timers, but scarcely of the half century sort. Verging upon two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois, it could hardly be expected that he could skip like a squirrel along the ridge-pole of a very high building. However, he has made his name known and left many evidences of his labor on some of the older as well as the newer streets of the city.

Milo H. Hickox was early known and constantly employed in his profession as a master-builder. He had his peculiar methods, but they were of a nature that made him the more respected by his fellow-men. He also built for all time, and if the ravages of time obliterated his monuments, it was not his fault—wood will not last forever. Milo had a happy turn of mind, and he could be morose if the occasion required, a Christian and a deacon withal, but in spite of the admonition of his brethren, he said he felt it a duty to go to the circus now and then to get a laugh at the clown, for a person needed the effects of a good, hearty laugh, if it be by the sayings of a fool.

Mr. Hickox was a remarkably plain, blunt, outspoken man, and held opinions peculiarly his own. He was an inveterate enemy of slavery and land monopoly, and had often declared that the two evils were a disgrace to Christianity and modern civilization. He claimed that it was contrary to the will of God that a man should hold a title deed to a rod of his footstool, insisting that it illy became a Christian man or any one else to purchase by the square acre and sell by the square foot the soil which was intended for the generations who follow to earn a livelihood

from. Had he lived to our day he may have formed new opinions as well as new ideas, but he was well set in those he had.

The two story frame structure on the east side of Ontario street, at the junction of Pittsburgh street (now Broadway), is notable not so much for its half century and more of existence, but that it became the subject of a siege by a band of lawless people in the winter of 1836-7, in consequence of a colored man and his white wife making it their place of abode. About all its furniture and every window in front was completely demolished.

Thomas Mell was an inborn Englishman who made himself known for his energy and John Bull determination to do his share towards making Cleveland what she is and aiding his own pocket with an addition of shekles. He was early in the field and had his day of success.

John Gill was never known to do a poor job or a dishonorable act. He also was among the early builders and had his share of well-paying jobs to do. We can see his imprint upon many dwellings here and there and a few of the later blocks which he was instrumental in erecting. He was frequently called to the councils of the city, and was chosen once as representative to the state legislature.

Horace Fenton was an expert in draughting for all building purposes, and his skill was often called into service for the more elaborate buildings.

It is quite probable that there is not a building in Cleveland which has withstood the multiform changes and served so many purposes as the Pittsburgh house, a two story brick on the corner of Broadway and Cross streets. It was built for a hotel

or tavern when Cleveland was a little village. It was not a marked success as a hotel, and the proprietor, T. P. May, transformed it into a couple of dwellings, and back into a hotel again, and since then the changes and occupations carried on within have been so varied that it would be idle to enumerate all, while fire has more than once purified its interior and suffered its outer walls to maintain their original form.

W. P. Southworth, like his former partner, Pannel, has lapsed into banking, and beyond this he has become the largest retail dealer in the necessities of life that Cleveland contains. It has been said that if a man desires riches, he can obtain it by dealing in some article that every one wants at least a little of, and every one wants something to eat at least twice or more a day. Mr. Southworth does not make any invidious comparison between a builder and a merchant or a banker, claiming all to be necessary and useful, but neither entitled to a higher plane than another. He has built blocks, dwellings, bridges, sewers and plenty of other things that brick, stone and mortar compose; and more than all these, he has built a fortune, which appears to suit his taste better than all else. And now, at three-score years and ten, he is taking life for its best reward, carefully directing his later enterprises, and occasionally rustivating in a trip to Europe, studying the architecture and building of the cities, and the manners and customs of its people.

R. H. Lacy built the Case block, on Superior street, next west of Miller's block.

Pilgrim and Brown built the block next west of the Case block above named.

R. R. Herrick has built many a first-class edifice as well as the same sort of a reputation. He is one of the old standbys from among the early builders, and has been twice honored by his party with the position of mayor of the city, and claims no more honor in the one position than the other—a true born mechanic of the old school with modern ideas. A fine monument stands to his credit in the shape of one of the first first-class blocks for residence, corner of Prospect and Huntington streets, his present home. He appears to be taking life for all it will fetch him, and what would disturb a person of one-half his avoirdupois would not in the least disturb his equanimity.

Corlett & Cubbon have been known as substantial builders for fully a half century, and the old firm appear as vigorous and able to put a purline plate or ridge pole in place as they did a generation ago. Their mark has been effectually made all over the city.

The Judge Barber mansion, corner Franklin avenue and Pearl street, now owned and occupied by J. H. Sargent, has little of the old-time appearance, having been modernized and adorned by the present owner so that it will scarcely be recognized as of three-score years and more, though built upon the sand.

James Gayton, Henry Morgan, James Welch and John D. Stillman have left honorable records as men who did their work well; they also were of the early days and have performed good work, that may yet be seen in the older habitations of the original streets.

John F. Chamberlin may be classed among the very best of that class of men

who prefer to do a good job rather than sacrifice their reputation to secure a pecuniary profit. Well-skilled men who have won a reputation for honest work need not underbid for the sake of obtaining a contract. Chamberlin was that kind of a builder.

John and William Givens have handled the trowel to good purpose on so many walls now standing that it would appear they built for all time. William appears as vigorous as ever. Although he may have hung up the plumb-line and laid away the trowel, he is well justified in making a parlor ornament of the latter and respect it for the vast amount of good work it has been engaged in. He has heeled himself well in, and recently taken a new lease of life that promises an increase of happiness now that he has passed the mile-post of three-score and ten.

Samuel Mason, Peter Caul, Perley Abbey, George Hartnell, Leonard Kimball, William Scofield, E. A. Southworth and John Hale should be placed in line with the noble army of builders who have made the waste places to become the pleasant palaces of the people, while W. H. Stillman, Darius Adams, Joseph Wellsted, J. M. Blackburn, Horace Fuller, Ezra Thomas and J. J. Callister can speak for themselves if they are questioned on the subject of their labors, which have been performed within a period of the past sixty years. The most venerated of this list are Stillman and Adams, who have weathered so many years and weather-boarded so many houses.

S. C. Eason, Jacob Mitchell, J. S. Martin, C. F. Lender, T. C. Floyd, Stephen Griffin, John Malvin, Reuben Peck and

Lavater Moulton have passed away, but their handiwork is in plain relief upon many an entablature, frieze and cornice of the older edifices of Cleveland and its neighborhood.

There still remains many an edifice unaccounted for that has weathered the storms of more than a half century, notable among which is the rare old home of Senator Payne on St. Clair street, the birth-place of some of his children; the old Case mansion, now far out on St. Clair street, removed from the present site of the postoffice; the Willey cottage now on St. Clair street, taken from its first abiding place on Michigan street; the old home of John M. Sterling, on Superior street, now owned and occupied by J. E. Hall as a stove and tin store; the inner part appears to have maintained its early form; the old folding-doors, mouldings and cornices are in a measure intact. It was in this mansion that Abolition concentrated, and the old barn is still standing, where many a runaway slave, looking for the north star, was housed like unto our Savior. It was in that mansion that Theodore W. Weld, Gerrett Smith, J. G. Birney, W. L. Garrison, Arthur Tappan Salmon P. Chase, and Lovejoy met in consultation with Mr. Sterling, and the Boston *Liberator* was the outcome of this conference. While the walls of this edifice were being built the elder Leonard Case told Mr. Sterling that it was an absurdity to erect a dwelling-house without a front door, but this view never changed the purpose of the proprietor, for he was a man that held to his opinions and plans with a wonderful grip.

On the south side of Superior street,

between the Huffman block and the old Sterling residence, another monument of the past is yet standing in form of a story and a half brick building, built by Heard & Warner, now not entirely hid from view, its first story transformed into a store. Fifty-five years or more ago it was occupied by Mrs. Colwell as a private school for boys. Among her scholars were Honorable William Case, Dr. Elisha Sterling and Governor George Hoadley. Each of these young men was enabled to comprehend the intricacies of Cobb's spelling book at that institution.

Ahiemas Sherwin, residing in East Cleveland, was one of the earliest builders in the county. He was well known for his uprightness as well as his skill in the line of his profession. Schooled in that old time habit of making a frame building to last for all coming years, nothing of the "balloon" sort of architecture could possibly enter his mind or meet his approval, and the large number of dwellings yet standing in the eastern portion of the city have his "imprint" in the heavy beams, posts, sills and plates that were put there to stand the test of the severest winds common to our climate.

When the old Irad Kelley house, once the post-office, on the south side of Superior street, opposite Bank, was torn down in 1852 to give place to the present block, Captain Dibble found an heirloom among its ruins in shape of a well burned brick on which, while in its plastic state, his brother, the maker of the brick, had written his name. Could that *brick o' bat* (no pun intended) but speak out and tell all that had been done in that old post-office building, it might furnish a story for the *MAGAZINE*

OF WESTERN HISTORY that could not be found elsewhere.

Rumbaugh & Emerson took a leading part among the more prominent builders at a time when the real boom had not yet become manifest in Cleveland.

Samuel Truscott's handiwork may be seen in the roof and groins underneath St. Joseph's Cathedral; also in the mansion of the late Judge Bolton on Euclid avenue, and a line of residences on Woodland avenue and other streets, all of which are of more than forty years standing.

In calling back to memory some of those venerable piles of wood which at one time (verging near three-score years ago) were the admired residences of the leading men of Cleveland, we find a few of them yet lingering in our midst, hesitating and wandering from place to place and continuing not in one place. Mention having been made respecting the movements of some, there can be no harm to group them in this recapitulation. Those mansions now in mind were all built in a studied effort to maintain the purely Doric order of architecture, with their fluted columns and rich, plain cornice and entablature. If the lines of those fluted columns should be inspected in this day and generation, and found to be less or more than six diameters in height, or contain less or more than twenty flutings, or rise from anything except the stylobate, then the Doric would be lost to view. Among the oldest of all these mansions now in sight is the late Deacon Whittaker's residence on Water street, which stands overlooking the Union depot and the lake. It stands as it always has, and still remains

the property of the good deacon's descendants. Following this is the stately house built for Judge Thos. M. Kelley, corner Euclid avenue and Huntington street, still in the hands of his descendants. On the brow of the hill north of the Viaduct, on Washington street, stands the same stately mansion once owned and occupied by Elisha T. Sterling, followed by Judge Horace Foot, and lastly owned and occupied by W. P. Ranney, esq., until sold to the parish of St. Malachi for a parsonage.\* A square or two west of this, on the same street, is the old home of the late Charles Winslow, now owned and occupied by his son-in-law, C. L. Russell, esq., much enlarged and improved. Those four mansions, with one exception, have "held their own," so to speak, ever since they were tenantable.

Following these in the list come four of the same order of architecture, but not so stable in habit or position, for none of them save one maintain the same position on which they were built. The comely cottage which formerly stood on the northwest corner of Superior and Muirson streets, built by Jas. Pannell and owned by Geo. H. Ellery, has turned its face to the east and taken itself a few rods further north. Ambrose Spencer, the son of John C. Spencer, occupied it

\* Upon a more recent survey of the premises and a refreshing of memory, I find that the mansion once occupied by E. T. Sterling and sold by Mr. W. P. Ranney to the parish of St. Malachi, on Washington street, west side, is no longer in existence. Soon after the tornado which demolished the spire of St. Malachi's, the fall thereof nearly destroyed that old-time edifice, and an annex to the parish school has taken its place. Otherwise, from recent inspection I find the other mansions as here delineated.

for several years after, also owned and occupied by Jarvis F. Harper; also J. B. Bartlett, so long city clerk, lived and died in it. Next in order comes the Payne cottage on the north side of St. Clair street, now either hidden from view from the street or transformed into shops or stores so that its proper identity is lost. This mansion was planned and superintended in its construction by Wm. Rogers, an English gentleman of taste, in such labors as well as in landscape adornment. Further east on the same side of the same street is the famous Willey cottage so often regarded as the court centre of northern Ohio, where it stood on Michigan street, where Paul Smith's wine house is. One half of the structure has been transformed into a shop or store room while the other remains as a residence. Following this same street a half dozen or more squares to the east we find the old Case mansion hid behind a block of stores but with a bright and cheerful look as in the days when it faced the public square on the ground now occupied by the post-office.

These do not comprise all the ancient houses that clung so close to the Doric order. We have yet the stately residence of the late Dr. David Long, on Woodland avenue, a stone structure now owned and occupied by the widow of the late Erastus Gaylord. Next out of the three cottages built on Superior street by those three active business men, respectively, John Shelley, T. W. Morse and Stephen Clarey, only one remains to be identified. The Dr. Brayton cottage, on the west side of Ontario street, belongs to the list.

On the high bank of Hurd street, west side, with a wide outlook upon the valley

of the river, stands a cottage which belongs in the same order, once occupied by Geo. B. Ely, recently owned and occupied by the late J. Wylie Smith.

Venerable and distinct, the comfortable and unassuming homestead of the late John Blair still stands where its owner built it over fifty years ago, on what is now Prospect street; but it claimed a frontage on Euclid street, for there was no such street as Prospect in front of the mansion. It is still owned by the family of Mr. Blair.

Out on Detroit street, just a few rods west of the city limits, is another of the same order, but its distinctive features are all gone. It was owned by D. H. Lamb and now owned and occupied by the descendants of Farnan.

Possibly the two last named structures were not made to follow the strict line of the Doric order, but they are both honorable veterans of a different half century from this we are now in.

The early work performed in Cleveland, so faintly outlined here, may be followed up in another half century with a record of wonderful proportions. The past twenty-five years have made a new city out of an old one. The great avenues here and there are a wonder of elegance in the number and beauty of their outer and inner workmanship, while in the valleys and on the hillsides the clatter of machinery is evidence of the prosperity that comes only from the labor of hands, guided by the unerring head—the brain-work of the skilled mechanic.

Strive as men may for fame or fortune, they will find that whatever they gain is not enduring. Building upon ever so firm

a foundation it will be remarkable if, in their later days, the results of their labors are visible to the eye or to the memory, after a generation or two. The fine-wrought sentences and cunning words of one class are liable to take a higher shelf of fame than the more solid superstructures and fine-cut groins and arches of another, while each helps to build for himself and suffer the consequences to follow as they may.

To make the parallel between the two forces which help to build up a city to its highest eminence, it is as well to find an equivalent to that case of my friend Cross, wherein an eminent lawyer is forced by "a severe attack of *pneumonia* from the profession he highly adorned, into the maze of private life in building up our great manufacturing enterprises." A similar misfortune attacked a master builder, and forced him to abandon his trowel and plumb-line for the intricate mazes of the law, where he became a leading spirit at the Cuyahoga bar. After passing the severest examination of the committee appointed by the court, he became at once a thorough scholar in Blackstone and in all mandamus cases, and now claims that it is far easier on the brain to practice law than it is to practice stone-quarrying.

The ranks of labor lost another good worker from the useful avocations of an agriculturalist, in this wise: he being the cause of a mishap to a lady who met him with his load of compost, and a lawsuit was the outcome. The agriculturalist employed the Honorable D.K. Cartter in the defense, and the judge's plea made him famous. He plead thus: "May it please this court, my client is a farmer; his avo-

cation is one that is necessary to keep up the life of the Nation; he was on his way to his fields with a load of compost from the barnyard of the Castlebar house on River street. He had trouble in coming up Union lane—broke a reach. Again he started on, and became involved in the heavy sand road of Euclid street, and while in distress he met a similar load coming to town, and there was a collision." The result of the trial was, that his client came off first best, and the lady had the costs to pay. This success caused the client to adopt the law as a profession, a clear case of *amonia*. He emigrated to Oregon; and possibly may come back to the Atlantic water-shed as a United States senator.

Whatever may be said respecting the importance and necessity of these two rival professions, we can do no less than rate their followers as mechanics; the one class labors entirely with the head and the other with both head and hands. In comparing the ultimate success of the followers of each a wide disparity is observed—the money power on one side does not equal the brain power on the other. A gardener and a lawyer were neighbors in the early days of Cleveland. The gardener said to the lawyer that he had a claim against a man, and he asked the attorney what was the best method to adopt for its collection, as the debtor was very backward in coming forward. He told him to make out the bill and take it to a justice and have it sued. The fee for advice was the small sum of five dollars. The lawyer wanted to know how best to keep his cabbages over winter; the gardener told him to bury them heads down with

the roots on. The lawyer sued for his fee and the gardener claimed an off set. The lawyer won and the gardener lost. And here lies the difference.

The following are some of the men who helped to build up Cleveland from its foundation—men who operated mostly during the first part of the present century, some of whom are in active life upon the stage at the present moment. While some are still following the same line and plummet, others have found more profitable lines; yet upon an average, it is safe to say that they have all built better for others than they have for themselves:

|                   |                     |                     |                   |
|-------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Abbey, Perley,    | Abel, Edward,       | Freeman, Pliny,     | Foreman, James,   |
| Adams, Darius,    | Aldridge, Jesse B., | Freeman, Charles,   | Frisbee, ———      |
| Alger, William,   | Allen, J. J.        | Garrett, Ammon,     | Gunning, William, |
| Burgess, A.,      | Brooks, S. C.,      | Gibbons, John,      | Gayton, James,    |
| Blair, Henry,     | Brown, J. M.,       | Girens, John,       | Gill, John,       |
| Belden, Silas,    | Blackburn, J. M.,   | Girens, William,    | George, William,  |
| Banton, Thomas,   | Broadey, John,      | Gloyd, J. M.,       | Gibson, David,    |
|                   | Barnes, William,    | Griffin, Stephen,   | Grannis, Robert,  |
| Callister, J. J., | Cubbon, William,    |                     | Green, Sanford,   |
| Caneen, James,    | Collister, William, | Harkman, Joseph,    | Himebaugh, D.     |
| Craw, W. V.,      | Cotterell, M. S.,   | Hamlin, S. I.,      | Harrison, John,   |
| Craw, J. M.,      | Cook, Samuel,       | Hatch, D. L.,       | Higbee, L.        |
| Craw, J. A.,      | Chamberlin, J. F.,  | Higgins, Francis,   | Houck, Phillip,   |
| Corlett, John,    | Condit, William,    | Herrick, R. R.,     | Hartnell, George, |
| Corlett, William, | Cotterell, Thomas,  | Heard, C. W.,       | Hickox, M. H.,    |
| Corlett, Charles, | Caul, Peter,        | Haas, Martin,       | Huntington, John, |
| Colahan, Alex,    | Cook, John,         | Hale, John,         | Hill, G. G.,      |
|                   | Colahan, Thomas,    | Henry, Robert,      | Hamlin, S. I.     |
| Davenport, E.,    | Day, Thomas M.,     |                     | Hawkins, John,    |
| Delaney, M.,      | Dalglish, Simon,    | Jailer, Peter,      | Johnson, J. A.,   |
| Daniels, Spencer, | Darwin, Audin.      | Jenkins, John,      | Johnson, James,   |
| Emerson, T. S.,   | Eason, S. C.,       |                     | Johnson, Peter,   |
| Eldridge, M. A.,  | Ensign, J. W.,      | Kelsey, Edward,     | Kidney, G. H.,    |
| Eckert, D.,       | Eddy, John,         |                     | Kimball, L.       |
|                   | Erwin, William,     | Laundrith, Henry,   | Lender, C. F.,    |
| Floyd, T. C.,     | Fenton, Horace,     | Lockwood, Henry,    | Lacy, E. H.,      |
| Freeman, Erastus, | Fell, George,       | Malvin, John,       | Mitchell, Jacob,  |
| French, Burton,   | Felcom, John,       | Marsh, Sumner,      | Morris, John,     |
| French, Albert,   | Fenn, Hubbard,      | Martin, J. S.,      | Moulton, L.,      |
| Fuller, Horace,   | Fenner, David,      | McCann, Henry,      | McGaughy, W. H.   |
|                   |                     | McGrievy, Hamilton, | Mead, John,       |
|                   |                     | Mason, Samuel,      | Morgan, Henry,    |
|                   |                     | Mell, Thomas,       | Marsh, Sumner,    |
|                   |                     |                     | Noble, H. L.      |
|                   |                     |                     | Odell, James.     |
|                   |                     | Pannel, James,      | Peck, Reuben,     |
|                   |                     | Piper, A. J.,       | Phelps, Aaron,    |
|                   |                     | Phillips, John S.,  | Parker, David,    |
|                   |                     | Porter, S. C.,      | Parker, R. W.     |
|                   |                     |                     | Quayle, William.  |
|                   |                     | Richardson, S. H.,  | Ratcliff, John,   |
|                   |                     | Rhoads, Charles,    | Rhoan, William,   |
|                   |                     | Risk, James,        | Rees, Joseph,     |
|                   |                     | Renner, John,       | Rhoads, Levi,     |
|                   |                     | Rositer, S.,        | Rumbaugh, J.      |
|                   |                     | Raddiff, J. N.,     | Richard, John,    |

|                    |                    |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Renner, John J.,   | Redrup, Richard,   | Thomas, Jefferson, | Taylor, James,     |
| Reed, C. M.,       | Raymond, Francis.  | Thomas, Ezra,      | Turner, J. J.      |
|                    |                    | Tucker, James,     | Tear, John.        |
| Slaght, Joseph,    | Sherwin, Ahlemas,  |                    | Viets, L. W.       |
| Scofield, John,    | Simmons, John,     |                    |                    |
| Sked, W. V.,       | Smiley, William,   | Walter, Jacob,     | Waldo, Nicholas,   |
| Slate, H. D.,      | Stanton, J. W.,    | Wall, Robert,      | Wagoner, Nicholas, |
| Stillman, W. H.,   | Still, Charles,    | Wadsworth, W. B.,  | Waur, William      |
| Stillman, J. D.,   | Stodard, Newton,   | Warner, L. H.,     | Warner, W. J.,     |
| Stephen, E. C.,    | Scofield, William, | Welsted, Joseph,   | Welch, James,      |
| Stiles, Ezra,      | Slaght, E.,        | Weston, Richard,   | Weigman, J. B.,    |
| Southworth, W. P., | Smith, Y. P.,      | Witherell, George, | Wood, Nicholas.    |
| Smith, Erastus,    | Southworth, E. A., |                    |                    |
| Stebbins, A. V.,   | Stebbins, Warren.  |                    |                    |

GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

## HISTORY OF OHIO.

## XIII.

## SUBMISSION OF THE WESTERN TRIBES—BRADSTREET'S EXPEDITION.

THE fact that early in 1764 the Tuscaroras and Oneidas were induced by Sir William Johnson to take up arms against the Delawares and Shawanese upon the upper waters of the Susquehanna, struck terror to the hearts of the Senecas, and they sued for peace; one of the conditions upon which, at a preliminary meeting, it was granted to them was, that they should renounce all intercourse with the Delawares and Shawanese to the westward, and assist the English in bringing them to punishment. Meanwhile, two expeditions were fitting out under the direction of Major-General Thomas Gage, the successor of General Amherst, for the thorough chastisement of such tribes as still refused to make peace with the English; one, under the command of Colonel Henry Bouquet, to attack the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Mingoes,

the Mohicans, and other Indians, settled in the south part of what is now the state of Ohio; another, to be commanded by Colonel John Bradstreet, to march against the Hurons, Wyandots, Ottawas and Chippewas, and other nations to the northwestward. Naval preparations on the lakes were to be looked after at Oswego, while Sir William Johnson was to go to Niagara to induce as many faithful Indians as possible to join Colonel Bradstreet. Bouquet was to march from Fort Pitt; Bradstreet, from Niagara.

Let us first follow the expedition of Bradstreet, as it was the first to march. The army, consisting of regulars, provincials, Canadians and a considerable number of Iroquois, left Fort Schlosser, a small post just above the falls of Niagara, on the eighth of August, 1764, marching to Fort Erie and then coast-

ing along the south side of Lake Erie, on their way against the savages dwelling upon Sandusky bay and beyond. Before reaching Presquisle (now Erie, Pennsylvania, as before explained); on the morning of the twelfth, while detained on shore by contrary winds, Bradstreet "received a deputation [of ten Indians] from the Shawanese, the Delawares, the Hurons [Wyandots] of Sandusky and the Five Nations [Mingoes] of the Scioto plains, suing for peace; and, in the evening, he gave them an audience in presence of the sachems and other chiefs of the Indians who accompanied him."

The Indian deputies delivered four speeches, each upon a string (or belt) of wampum. In their first speech they bestowed a long compliment; in their second they begged leave to speak and be heard; and in their third they asked, in the name of the whole of the tribes represented by them, where Bradstreet's army was going and what was the colonel's intention. "On receiving," said they, "certain intelligence that you were coming against us with an army, we immediately called in our warriors who were out against your frontiers, and determined to meet you on this lake and beg for mercy and forgiveness and peace, which we now do in the name of, and by order of, the nations above mentioned, the whole being truly sensible of their past folly and unjust behavior to the English without cause." The reply of Bradstreet was pointed. While thanking them for their compliment, he assured them they might speak openly and freely. "The

reason," said he, "for marching the army this way is to revenge the insults and injuries done to the English, on those savages who have not asked forgiveness and given sureties for their good behavior."

The terms upon which peace was granted the several tribes represented were these, in substance:

(I.) That all the prisoners then in the hands of the nations who had deputed them, should be delivered up to Colonel Bradstreet at Sandusky, in twenty-five days.

(II.) That the Shawanese and other nations represented should renounce all claim to the forts and other posts that the English then had in their country; and that the English should be at liberty to erect as many more as they might think necessary to secure their trade; and that the nations represented by the deputation present should cede to the king of Great Britain forever, as much land round each fort as a cannon-shot would fly over, for the purpose of raising provisions thereon.

(III.) That if any Indian should thereafter kill an Englishman, he should be delivered up by his nation and tried by the English laws, half the jury being Indians; and if any one nation should renew the war, the others who were represented by the deputation should join the English to bring them to reason.

(IV.) That six of the deputies should remain with Colonel Bradstreet as hostages, and the other four, with an English officer and an Indian, should immediately proceed to acquaint their nations of these preliminaries of peace and for-

ward the collecting of the prisoners that they might be ready by the day appointed.

The peace being agreed upon, the Six Nation Indians, as well as those of Canada, got up and took the deputies by the hand, saying they were glad to see they were come to their senses and hoped they would continue so; if they did not, on the first breach of the articles just signed, they would immediately make war against them.

That the deputies had previously been authorized by their respective nations and clans to enter into negotiations with Bradstreet looking to a permanent peace, is certain. The original articles of the treaty were subsequently, on a certain occasion, produced by the head chiefs of at least two of the tribes represented; besides, afterward, when reminded of the fact of their having agreed to the treaty, they did not deny it.

The day following, Bradstreet proceeded on his way, reaching Presquisle on the fourteenth. From this point the colonel sent expresses to General Gage and Colonel Bouquet, informing them of his transactions with the Indian deputies, dispatching, at the same time, the four Indians already mentioned on the errand to their respective nations, as stipulated in the preliminaries previously agreed upon.

One of the objects particularly recommended to Bradstreet's consideration by General Gage in his instructions to that officer was the attacking of the Wyandot town—"some miles beyond the small village [at or near the present Fremont, Ohio,] destroyed the last year

[1763] by Captain Dalyell [Dalzell]." "Major Gladwin [of Detroit] says," continues Gage, "they [the Wyandots] are much animated against us; that they have a good supply of ammunition, and plant abundance of corn with which they supply the other nations, and this you will no doubt destroy, and break up that nest of thieves." In addition to this, Bradstreet was required to attack the Ottawas, living some distance up the Maumee, and the Miamis dwelling at the head of that river. The necessity for all this the colonel had fondly hoped had been happily avoided by his preliminary treaty just before reaching Presquisle. However, upon arriving at Sandusky bay, he was met by a deputation of Wyandots, Ottawas and Miamis, not to confirm the treaty, but asking him not to attack their villages and they would follow him to Detroit where they would conclude peace.

Relying upon their sincerity, Bradstreet complied with the request of the Miami, Ottawa and Wyandot deputies. Before, however, proceeding on his way to Detroit, he sent Captain Thomas Morris, of his Majesty's XVII regiment of infantry, "to take possession also of the Illinois country in his Britannic Majesty's name,\* as this country was still held by the French. Depending upon

\* Journal of Captain Thomas Morris, p. 1. The captain says: "General Bradstreet, who commanded an army sent against those Indian nations who had cut off several English garrisons, of which we had taken possession after the surrender of Canada, having too hastily determined to send an officer to take possession also of the Illinois country in his Britannic majesty's name, sent his aid-de-camp to sound me on the occasion."

the good faith of the Ottawa and Miami deputies from the Maumee, he did not doubt but the captain would find safe-conduct to the head of that river, and beyond that to the Illinois towns. But, in sending Morris upon this errand was a mistake that should not have been made, for the colonel had entered into no sort of treaty with the Indians upon that river; he had, as we have said, even agreed to go to Detroit before meeting the Ottawas and Miamis in council, none of whom had signed the preliminary articles of the twelfth of August. However, as we shall presently see, no bad results followed except imperiling the life of the gallant Morris. "Colonel Bradstreet," says Thomas Mante, who accompanied the expedition with the rank of major, "thinking this a good opportunity to take possession of the country of the Illinois, which had been ceded to his Britannic majesty by the peace of 1762, ordered Captain Morris of the Seventeenth regiment, with proper instructions, upon that service, with an Indian of each of the different nations that accompanied him and one God[e]froi, a Frenchman, as an interpreter; and he also sent presents for the different nations through which they were to pass."\*

Colonel Bradstreet, after Morris had gone, continued his route for Detroit, where he arrived on the twenty-sixth of August, to the great delight of Gladwin and his garrison, who, for more than fifteen months, had been beset by savages. The Indians, in greater or

less numbers, if they had not all this time been in sight, were, at least, not far away. Bradstreet, after forming three companies of the inhabitants into militia, after relieving the garrison by seven companies of the Seventeenth regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel John Campbell, and, after sending two other companies, with two of the militia companies and a detachment of artillery, all under the command of Captain William Howard, to take possession of Michilimackinac, which had remained unoccupied since its capture in the preceding summer, met, on the seventh of September, "the Indians in great numbers, particularly the Ottawas and Chippewas," at his tent. One of the chiefs brought from the Maumee the submission of Pontiac, which had been made to Captain Morris, by that warrior, on a belt of wampum. "He was heartily ashamed of what had happened, and if he could be forgiven he would be very thankful, and do all the service in his power to the English;"—"he would himself, thereafter, remain quiet."† Peace, "by the power and authority" to Bradstreet "given and granted by his excellency the Honorable Major-General Thomas Gage," was made, by the colonel, with the Ottawas, Chippewas, Miamis, Hurons, Pottawatamies, Sacs, and "all the nations of the Messassaguas." Included among the Hurons were the Wyandots of Sandusky, although this fact does not appear in the proceedings of the treaty.‡

The business with the Indians of the

\* "History of the Late War in North America." (London, 1772), pp. 513, 514.

† Mante, pp. 518, 519.

‡ That they were thus included is well established by subsequent events.

lakes being thus happily finished and peace thereby restored to the northward,\* Colonel Bradstreet began to prepare for his return to the Sandusky to meet the Shawanese and the Delawares and put the finishing hand to the treaty which had been entered upon with these tribes, through their deputies, before reaching Presquisle. He left Detroit on the fourteenth of September, "and on the eighteenth arrived at Sandusky lake." Here we will leave him for a brief period to follow the hard fortune of Morris, in his attempt to reach the Illinois.

After ascending the Maumee not a great distance, Morris and his party approached Pontiac's camp, where were several hundred Indians, which the captain calls "Pontiac's army." Pontiac himself was there, and he met the ambassador from Bradstreet with a scowling brow, refusing to offer him his hand. Here, too, was St. Vincent, a renegade Frenchman. Presently a conference was had. Pontiac declared that the English were liars, and he was desirous to know if Morris had come to lie to them, like the rest. Then he produced a letter purporting to have been written by the king of France directed to himself. It had been gotten up by some unscrupulous Frenchman purposely to keep alive a savage animosity in the breast of Pontiac against the English. It declared that the French king was on his way with sixty great ships to drive his enemies out of

America. The next day, at a grand council, the captain made a speech which was answered by the Ottawa chieftain. Privately, to Godefroi, he declared he would lead the nations to war no more, though he would never be a friend to the English. His speech to Morris, as has previously been mentioned, was sent to Detroit and recapitulated to Bradstreet.

Morris now made his way to the head of the Maumee, where Fort Miami stood, which had been captured during the preceding year, and which, of course, had not been re-garrisoned; its only occupants were Canadians and Indians. Around it was a large band of Kickapoos, recently arrived; but the great Miami village was some distance away. The captain was roughly received, caused by the fact that a number of chiefs of the Delawares and Shawanese were among the Miamis urging them to renew hostilities against the English. This shows that (if Morris was not mistaken in his conclusions as to the cause of his ill-treatment) the Delawares and Shawanese had changed their minds. Such was the feeling they had stirred up, notwithstanding the Miamis inclined to peace, that Morris would have been tortured at the stake but for the interference of the principal chief of their nation.

The captain was soon persuaded that to attempt to go farther would be courting death, so he, relenting, made his way to Detroit, "nearer dead than alive" with hunger and fatigue, which post he reached on the seventeenth of September, only to find that Bradstreet

\* I do not think it necessary to give the terms by which this peace was secured with the lake tribes. It is sufficient to know that a permanent one followed as a result of the treaty.

had returned to Sandusky; but he was too sick and exhausted to follow.

Immediately upon reaching "Sandusky lake," Bradstreet "detached a party to destroy the settlement of the Mohican-John's, but it was abandoned before they could reach it." This Indian village has already been mentioned as being in what is now the township of Mohican, Ashland county, Ohio. It was not again occupied.

An Indian now arrived at Bradstreet's camp from the Delawares, one from the Shawanese, and one from the Mingoes on the Scioto plains, accompanied by a Tuscarora Indian, to inform the commander that they were using the utmost diligence in collecting their prisoners, and that they should be delivered up at Sandusky as soon as possible, but that as many of them were hunting and others were at a great distance, the savages requested an additional seven days from that time. This being thought no unreasonable demand, and as Morris' account of their hostility had not yet reached the colonel, the time was extended. At this time the army was encamped at the carrying-place (the portage) between what is now Portage river, in Ottawa county, Ohio, and the north shore of Sandusky bay. Bradstreet now proceeded up the bay and river to the village of the Wyandots, which Captain Dalzell had destroyed the year previous. Here, on the last day of September, he received a letter from General Gage, dated the second of that month, condemning his conduct with regard to the preliminaries of peace made by him with the

Shawanese and Delawares, and annulling it.\* "We all expected," wrote one of Bradstreet's officers on the fifth of October, "we came here to finish the peace with the Shawanese and Delawares. . . . Instead of that, in consequence of orders just come, we are to attack them and destroy them root and branch, or they must give us ten men to be put to death."

To judge properly of Bradstreet's faithfulness in obeying the orders of General Gage, it should be understood that, notwithstanding the preliminaries which had been signed, and notwithstanding the eight days' continuance granted, the colonel had moved up the Sandusky river as far as he could go with his boats, so as to be well on his way to attack those tribes, in case there was any failure on their part. Now, however, that he was ordered to march against these savages, notwithstanding the preliminaries which had been entered into (for that was the only alternative now that they had been abrogated), it was only a question, could he do so?

That the route up the Sandusky in canoes or boats was impossible, because of the lowness of the water at that time, Bradstreet soon discovered, upon making the trial.

Disappointed in this attempt, the colonel then considered whether it was practicable for the men to carry a sufficiency of provisions to subsist upon, supposing they were to march; but from re-

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\* Parkman ('Pontiac,' Vol. II., pp. 195, 196,) incorrectly gives the carrying-place as the point where Bradstreet received Gage's letter of the second of September. See 'Mante,' p. 527.

peated trials, and the information of some of the most experienced hunters, both Canadian and others, it was represented as an impossibility, therefore not attempted.

He soon was convinced that the route by the Cuyahoga river (as that stream was also then very low) was also impracticable; so he returned to the Sandusky bay and again encamped at the carrying-place, where he was resolved to remain so long as he dare, before the setting in of winter, he having, meanwhile, received no prisoners from the hands of the Delawares or Shawanese. The reason for this was, as Bradstreet believed, their desire to get some advantage; but he soon learned the true cause—the marching of Bouquet.

But why, if he could not march against the Delawares and Shawanese, and if the lake Indians showed no signs of continuing hostilities, would Bradstreet remain longer at Sandusky? Why not at once start upon his return march? One reason was, he could have no positive assurance but that some of the western nations might, upon his leaving, hasten to the aid of these two tribes, in which event the carrying-place at Sandusky was a position that would enable him to be a check on any tribe which might show such a disposition. Another reason was that, should the two tribes before mentioned attempt to stand out against Bouquet, he (Bradstreet) would be able for some time, through the Iroquois, who were with him, and other Indians he might gather around him, to favor, in different ways, the march of the army from Fort Pitt. "Colonel Bradstreet," afterward wrote General

Gage, "not finding the troops under his command in a condition to march to the plains of Scioto, kept the enemy in awe by remaining at Sandusky as long as the season would permit, and spiriting up the Indians with whom he had lately made peace, to declare war and send out parties against them [the Delawares and Shawanese]."

"Yesterday," wrote Israel Putnam from "Camp Sandusky," on the seventh of October, "Captain Peters arrived, which is the last party we have out. He says the Wyandots are all coming in; but the Delawares and Shawanese are not, nor durst they come, for they are afraid if they do, Colonel Bouquet will be on their towns. He has sent to them to come to him and make peace. On the contrary, if they go to him, we should be on them; and they intend to lie still until Bouquet comes to them; then [they will] send out and make peace, if possible; if not, [they are determined] to fight him as long as they have a man left." The informant also added that Bouquet was within thirty miles of their towns. Bradstreet saw plainly from this report that it would be best for Bouquet to make peace with the two tribes, and he at once gave up all attempts in that direction.

Finally, fully realizing if he remained longer at Sandusky, the danger there would be of exposing his troops to famine or of perishing on the lake by tempests, Bradstreet concluded to return, breaking up his camp for that purpose at the portage on the eighteenth of October, first writing to Bouquet that he had settled nothing with the Dela-

wares and Shawanese, nor received any prisoners from them; that he had acquainted all the Indian nations as far as the Illinois and Green bay with the instructions he had received from General Gage respecting the peace he had lately made; that he had been at "Sandusky Lake" and up the river as far as navigable for canoes for near a month; that it was impossible to put General Gage's orders into execution to advance farther; and that now necessity compelled him to return eastward.

Bradstreet's army met with no accident until the vicinity of Rocky river was reached. Here, "in the evening, as he [Bradstreet] was going to land the troops, a sudden swell of the lake, without any visible cause, destroyed several [twenty-five] of his boats; but no lives were lost."\* Little else than the small quantity of provisions that was in the boats could be saved, not even the cannon, of which there were six; ammunition, arms, baggage—all were lost or abandoned. The army then proceeded to Grand river, which they entered in a storm.† The tem-

pestuous weather having the appearance of continuing, and the boats being deeply laden, by receiving the additional men from the boats which were lost, a number of the best marchers went along the lake side and the Indians took to the woods. The men who marched were for a time relieved by other men from the boats; but provisions becoming exhausted, and a snow storm upon the lake coming on, about two hundred men pushed on for Fort Erie, suffering greatly as they progressed; and they would have suffered more had not the most advanced been relieved with provisions and boats from Fort Erie, sent immediately to them by Bradstreet upon his arrival at that post with those of his men who had continued their way by water. The remainder were taken up on the second of November. The whole then made their way to Niagara. Some of the Indians (they took to the woods, it will be remembered) reached the Mohawk valley in twenty-six days, "without a morsel, but what they had killed, which was a trifle for their number." The main body were detained some days longer, having to carry their sick on their backs through the wilderness.

#### CONSUL WILLSHIRE BUTTERFIELD.

\* 'Mante,' p. 534. But this account, in one respect, is misleading. "About seventy miles from Sandusky," says a better account, "the lake rose in the night, on a sudden, and the surf beat with such violence on the shore where the army had landed, that betwixt twenty and thirty boats were beat to pieces, notwithstanding the efforts made to save them."—*New York Mercury*, November 26, 1764.

† The narrative of 'Mante' (p. 534), as to the coming on of this storm, conveys the idea that it was at the place where the boats were lost; and

Parkman ('Pontiac,' Vol. II, p. 197) has followed 'Mante'; but the facts are as stated above. Gage to Halifax, December 13, 1764; see also *Pennsylvania Gazette*, November 29, same year.

[To be continued.]

## THE ANCIENT OHIO MOUNDS.

[ABSTRACT OF LECTURE UPON THE ANCIENT EARTHWORKS OF OHIO, DELIVERED BY PROFESSOR F. W. PUTNAM BEFORE THE WESTERN RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, OCTOBER 25, 1887. REPORTED BY G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.]

## I.—IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY.

The proper study of history begins with the earliest monuments of man's occupancy of the earth. We are in great danger of exaggerating the accuracy and completeness of written history. At the best it is but fragmentary, and distorted by the ignorance and prejudice, if not the mendacity, of the writers. From study of ancient implements, burial-places, village sites, roads, sacred enclosures and monuments, we are able to get as vivid and correct a conception (all but the names) of prehistoric times as of what is called the historic period.

## II.—METHOD OF PROCEDURE.

The study of archæology is now assuming new importance from the improved methods of procedure. Formerly it was thought sufficient to arrange archæological ornaments and implements according to size and perfection of workmanship, and call it a collection. But, now, extended and minute comparison is the principal thing. Formerly, mounds were said to have been explored when trenches had been dug through them in two directions,

and the contents thus encountered removed and inspected. Now it is considered essential to the exploration of a mound that it be sliced off with greatest care, and every shovelful of earth examined and every section photographed. The skeletons are now also handled with great care, being first gently uncovered and then moistened so as to harden them, when, ordinarily, they can be removed without fracture. The record of the excavation of the earthworks where implements, ornaments and skeletons are found, is more important than the possession of the objects themselves.

## III.—GENERAL PROGRESS.

Although an immense field still remains to be explored, we have already gone far enough to show, in a general way, that southern Ohio was the meeting-place of two diverse races of people. Colonel Whittlesey's sagacious generalizations concerning an advance of a more civilized race from the south as far as southern Ohio, and their final expulsion by more warlike tribes from the lake region, are fully confirmed by recent investigations. The Indians of Mexico and South America belong to

what is called a "short-headed" race, *i. e.*, the width of their skulls is more than three-fourths of their length. Whereas, the northern Indians are all "long-headed." Now, out of about fourteen hundred skulls found in the vicinity of Madisonville, near Cincinnati, more than twelve hundred clearly belonged to a short-headed race, thus connecting them with southern tribes. Going further back, it seems probable that the southern Indians reached America across the Pacific from southern Asia, while the northern tribes came *via* Alaska from northern Asia.

#### IV.—PRESERVATION OF THE SERPENT MOUND, ADAMS COUNTY.

Coming to objects of more special interest, it is pleasing to announce that the celebrated Serpent Mound of Adams county has been explored, restored and preserved for all the future. The mound is one of the most interesting and remarkable structures of its kind in all the world. But repeated visits had shown that it was fast going to destruction. Its surface had been repeatedly ploughed, and successive crops of grain had been grown upon it. Upon setting the urgency of the case before some public-spirited ladies of Boston last spring, they became so much interested that by subscriptions and lunch-parties upwards of three thousand dollars was raised for purchase of the mound with sufficient land to command approach to it, and to include other adjacent *tumuli*. In May last this purchase was effected. Subsequently about twenty-five hundred dol-

lars more was raised in the same manner to enable me to restore the mound and make it accessible to the public. During the larger part of September and October, I have been on the ground overseeing the work of restoration. I have followed all around the outer edges and dug down to the old trodden path and had the earth that had washed down from the mound thrown back to its original position. This will now be seeded over and preserved from further incursions of the plough and the harrow. A road has been made up the steep hill from Brush creek, and a spring-house constructed for the comfort of visitors. Another year a park is to be set out with all the variety of trees growing in the county.

#### V.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MOUND.

The Serpent Mound is situated on Brush creek, in Franklin township, Adams county, Ohio, about six miles north of Peebles station, on the Cincinnati & Eastern railroad, and five miles south of Sinking Springs, in Highland county. The head of the serpent rests on a rocky platform which presents a precipitous face to the west, towards the creek, of about one hundred feet in height. The jaws of the serpent's mouth are widely extended, in the act of trying to swallow an egg represented by an oval enclosure about one hundred feet long. This enclosure as well as the body of the serpent consists of a ridge of fine earth about four feet high and from ten to fifteen broad. The body of the serpent winds gracefully back towards higher land,

making four large folds before reaching the tail. The tail tapers gracefully, and is twisted up in three complete and close coils. The whole length of the mound from the end of the egg on the precipice to the last coil of the tail on the higher land is upwards of thirteen hundred feet.

What was formerly supposed to be two symmetrical limbs, or projections, on either side of the neck prove to be, on the right side, a small mound of stones, perhaps for sacrificial purposes, and on the other a prominence produced by the partially rotted stump of a tree. An extensive burial-place was discovered in the vicinity of the serpent's tail. This remains to be explored, and will no doubt yield important results. A conical mount about one hundred rods to the southeast was carefully explored, revealing in the centre at the bottom a well-preserved skeleton with many ornaments, and two intrusive burials at subsequent times and by parties evidently ignorant of the original purpose of the mound.

#### VI.—FORT HILL.

The Serpent mound is not in a conspicuous place, but in a situation which seems rather to have been chosen for the privacies of sacred rites. The rising land towards the tail and back for a hundred rods afforded ample space for large gatherings. The view across the creek from the precipice near the head, and indeed from the whole area, is beautiful and impressive, but not very extensive. To the south, however, peaks may be seen ten or fifteen miles

away, which overlook the Ohio River and the Kentucky hills; while at a slightly less distance to the north, in Highland and Pike counties, are visible several of the highest points in the state. Among these is Fort Hill, on one of the best-preserved and most interesting ancient enclosures in the country.

Fort Hill is about eight miles north from the Serpent Mound, four or five miles from Sinking Springs, and nine or ten south of Bainbridge, on the Ohio Southern railroad. It is in Brush Creek township, on the extreme eastern edge of Highland county. This region lies along the western outcrop of the Waverly sandstone, corresponding to the Berea sandstone in the northern part of the state. These rocks dip gently towards the east, and are underlain by thick deposits of rather soft shale. They formerly extended much farther to the west than now, but have been undermined and removed by various eroding agencies, including the ice of the glacial period. The terminal moraine, as marked by Professor Wright, passes about a mile to the northwest of Fort Hill. These outliers of the Waverly sandstones remain as isolated caps upon pedestals of shale which the streams have not yet had time to wear away, and are from four hundred to five hundred feet above the bed of the stream at their base. The stream winding around the north and west sides of Fort Hill is Baker's Fork of Brush creek.

In ascending the slope of Fort Hill it is found to be gentle for the first 250

feet, then much steeper until the last 100 feet is so steep as to be almost inaccessible. The summit is completely isolated, is flat topped, quite irregular in shape, and includes about forty acres of land which has been cleared and cultivated, having at one time been partly

are among the most charming and extensive anywhere to be found in the state, looking down to the south, as already intimated, upon the valley of Brush creek, in the vicinity of the Serpent Mound.

This flat-topped summit of the hill



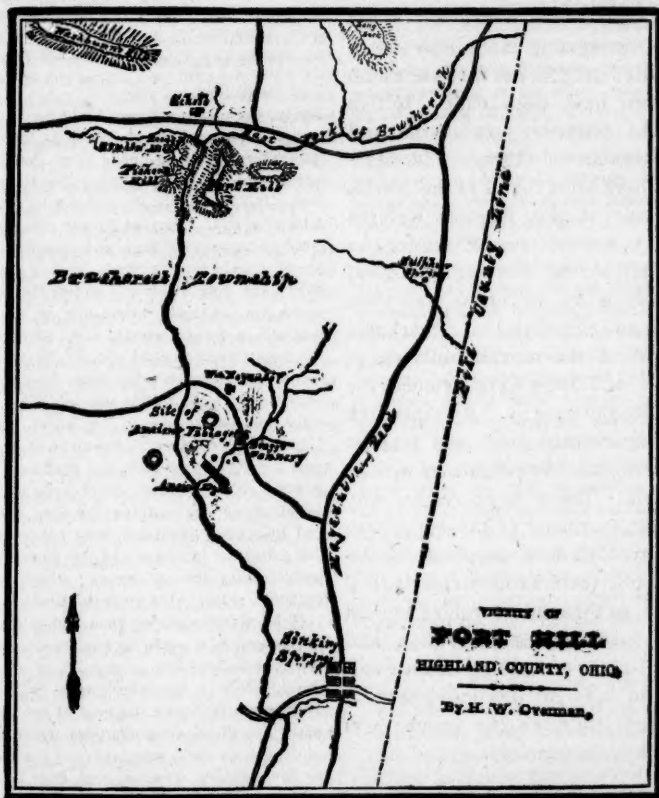
occupied by a peach orchard. A heavy forest of first growth timber covers the sides of the hill in every direction, and their projecting leafy tops largely obstruct the view in summer. But the glimpses of the scenery from every side

is completely enclosed by an ancient fortification of earthworks, penetrated by numerous gateways at irregular intervals. The earthwork was formed by digging the dirt from the inside just back from the rim of the hill and

throwing it outside, so that its slope coincided with that of the summit. The ridge of earth thus formed is from ten to twenty feet high, and from twenty to forty feet broad, the ditch on the inside being everywhere visible. The mini-

still be counted a year or two ago. Inside the fortification are two shallow hollow places where water could be preserved for a long time.

The purpose of this wonderful enclosure is evident. It is a fortification



mum age of the work can be inferred from the size of trees growing upon it. One of the stumps was certainly several hundred years old, as shown by the rings of annual growth which could

most admirably chosen for defense against the enemies of that time. It commanded a most extensive view in every direction, and afforded opportunity to exchange signals with other

elevated points from twenty to thirty miles distant. In the fertile valley of Baker's Fork there are numerous sites of Indian villages where doubtless the people lived in times of peace, but upon proper warning Fort Hill was a refuge easily accessible, easily provisioned, and easily defended. What signs of occupancy there may be in the enclosed area is not known, as no excavations have been made. But in themselves, both the fortification and the situation are of the most interesting anywhere to be found in the world. The friends of the Western Reserve Historical society could render no greater service to the archæological and historical interests of the state than to rescue and preserve this remarkable monument of the mound builders, as the ladies of Boston have rescued the Serpent Mound near by. By some such definite investment your own interest in archæological investigations will be stimulated. There is no reason why the public sentiment of the state cannot be aroused to a proper appreciation of these remarkable archæological treasures, so that tourist routes should be laid out for their inspection and study. I know of nothing else so calculated to help on this movement, at the present time, as the purchase of Fort Hill by this society.

#### THE SERPENT MOUND.

WHAT BOSTON PUBLIC SPIRIT HAS DONE IN OHIO  
—BEAUTIFUL PARK ESTABLISHED BY THE PEABODY MUSEUM—PROFESSOR PUTNAM'S EXPLORING PARTY IN CAMP.

[From the Boston Sunday Herald of Nov. 6, 1887.]

The following extracts from a letter written from the "Serpent Mound," will prove of special interest

to subscribers to the fund for the preservation of that singular work of another race, and they show that the money has been judiciously expended. To Boston belongs the honor of setting an example which will, unquestionably, be followed in other places, until the remaining earthworks, and other ancient monuments of particular importance in the country are made secure from destruction. Professor Putnam, who has charge of the work at the Serpent Mound, is now on his way home, stopping at Cleveland to make an address before the Western Reserve Historical society.

IN CAMP, Oct. 20, 1887.

The tract of land now known as the Serpent Mound park was procured for the Peabody Museum last spring, through the energy of a few Boston ladies, who obtained, by subscription, \$5,900 for this purpose. It is beautifully situated among the hills of Adams county, Ohio, which are now in the full glory of autumnal foliage, and constantly remind one of those of New England. It is on a high ridge of country, some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, suddenly terminating on the western side with a densely wooded cliff, which descends precipitously one hundred and fifty feet to the bottom lands, while the other three sides are closely bounded by high, thickly wooded hills, some of which almost deserve to be called mountains. Nature has done everything to make the sixty acres now inclosed for the park very attractive; the disposition of the large variety of trees, the graceful undulations of the land, the charming views to be had from every point, and, most important of all, the grand old monument of the past, all give a peculiar attraction and charm; beauty, interest, grandeur, nature, what more can be asked?

Hitherto this place has been almost inaccessible to travelers, as it could be reached only from the nearest railway stations by miles of very rough travel. Now a fine pike road is built, between Peebles and Hillsboro, touching at one end of the park. This brings it comfortably within the reach of the outside world, as it takes less than two hours to drive over this excellent road from Peebles and less than four from Hillsboro. The entrance to the park is from the pike, over a fine road lately made, which winds over the undulating grounds and forms a beautiful drive, passing the several points of special interest, first to "Cherry Tree hill," from which one of the grandest views is obtained; then on by a small mound, an ancient burial-place and an old village site; then by the large conical mound, a

monument over a distinguished person of the ancient race; then sweeping down to the picnic grounds which nature seems to have made for the express use of picnickers; a sloping grassy knoll, covered with large, handsome sugar maples, with its spring of never-failing sweet water, now covered by a substantial stone spring-house, and the natural sulphur spring just beyond, both supplying a little brook which flows over a rocky bed. This picnic ground, with the springs and a portion of the park about the Serpent, have been enclosed by substantial fences of wire with oak palings, so they are now protected from wanton driving and stray hogs and cattle from neighboring fields. Fences of rail and of planks have also been put up about the park except along the cliff. Paths also run in all directions for the accommodation of the pedestrians. One of these follows the brink of the cliff, and from this, between the trees and shrubs, the most entrancing views are obtained of the richly cultivated bottom lands below, with the charming Brush creek, a tributary of the Ohio, which is forty miles away, winding its way through the fields, between its borders of oak, sycamores, chestnuts, elms and shrubs, and of the grand, glorious, old hills just beyond, whose beautiful woods, open glades and richly tinted fields are so clearly defined of a bright day, and so dreamily softened in outline when wrapped in a misty blue or in a rich golden haze, as often happens at this season of the year. An artist could be held here for weeks entranced by so many rich studies for his brush. But this little spot in the beautiful wilds of Ohio has not studies only for the artist, but for the scientist as well. It has much to offer to the botanist, entomologist, ornithologist, and, of course, to the archaeologist, for, beside the Serpent to wonder over, there are several conical mounds, both large and small, a village site covering several acres, as is evident by the quantity of arrowheads, flint chips, knives, hammer stones and other rude implements and fragments of pottery, also by the color of the soil, which, having been lived upon and worked over is darker than the surrounding clay. Here, also, a singular burial-place has just been discovered, which may prove to have some connection with the Serpent. At present there is no hotel in the vicinity of the park, but the need of one is so greatly felt by the many visitors who come from all parts of the country to see this unique monument, and who now are obliged to depend on the farmers in the neighborhood for a night's shelter, that I doubt not the day is not far distant when a good one will be built,

and a few enterprising persons are already talking of the feasibility of such an undertaking. One need not wait, however, for a hotel, to visit this enticing place. Speaking from my own experience, I can most enthusiastically recommend others to do as we have done—to come with tents and set up their own establishments on some of the hills about. For eight weeks we have lived in this delightful way, in a tent eleven by nine, wholly independent of hotels and farmhouses, and have been always comfortable, healthy and contented, nay, more, fascinated! This living alway out of doors, breathing the pure, fresh air, laden only with perfumes from the fields and woods, listening to the birds, watching mother nature at work all about, and studying the beautiful scenery, is sweet, healthful and novel. I spend hours daily at what I call my study window, right at the very edge of the cliff, between two large oaks, across which boards have been nailed to keep me from being precipitated straight down into the creek below. Here I never feel loneliness or *ennui*, for before me is spread out a beautiful view, across which the lights and shadows are ever playing, making it constantly new and interesting, while all about is an infinite variety of animal life for study, which becomes fascinatingly interesting when seen and watched every day and explained by our geologist. One soon forgets foolish fears and prejudices for these little crawling, wiggling, creeping, flying creatures, or, at least, I am trying to forget mine. Taking up large, biting snakes and allowing them to twine about my wrist, or handling freely great scratchy pinchbugs, as some of our party take absolute pleasure in doing, I have not yet brought myself to do! But the gentle little lizards, spiders as large as a thimble, walking sticks, daddy-long-legs, field mice, etc., etc., I can, with perfect equanimity, let roam about my tent, provided they confine their roaming to the daytime. Watching at a respectful distance, a long black snake slowly crawl out of his old skin and appear in his new and glossy coat, or seeing him swallow an animal two or three times his own diameter, is very interesting and fascinating. The animals in such an isolated spot as this has been for many generations have not learned to fear man, so that one has an excellent opportunity of studying them. Birds will alight close to one, and the chipmunks, field mice, gray squirrels, woodchucks and rabbits will come out of their holes and hiding to feed at one's very feet.

Our encampment consists of four tents, two large and two small, accommodating five persons, includ-

ing a native maiden who does the house work, which in our camp consists of cooking, dish-washing and milking the cow. The cooking is necessarily simple, as it is done in the open air on a stone furnace, a primitive affair, an oblong built of stones, laid in moistened clay, piled one above another over a hole, with openings along the top under which the fire is made. Our daily bill of fare, however, is considerably varied, though our chief reliance is upon ham and eggs, chickens, milk, potatoes, coffee and cocoa. We can fry and boil and broil over coals, and bake in a "Dutch oven," and with flour, meal and corn-starch, and plenty of pure milk and rich cream from our own cow, we have many dishes which only the most favored can obtain at home. We also have had corn, melons, grapes, native peaches and lately pawpaws and nuts from the trees on the park.

Doubtless our friends wonder what becomes of us when the rain pours down in torrents, as it often does, or in the vernacular of the country, when "a right smart heap of rain falls." We then betake ourselves to our water-proof tents, and in the event of a long, cold rain, we have a fire made under the fly in front of the tent, where the cooking can be done, and where we can keep comfortable while occupying ourselves with indoor work, of which there is always a large amount accumulating that can be straightened out only on wet days when one's attention is not diverted by outside interest, such as writing up notes, making further plans for laying out the park, attending to the mail that reaches us three times a week, packing up the many archaeological specimens that

have been found, etc., etc. A siege of rain is no worse to cope with here than it is in town, not so bad, in fact, for here there are no fears of damaged drains backing up with foul water, nor of dirty streets sending up sickening odors, as they do when moist and warm. Oh! give me summer weather under canvass; I should always feel contented!

I must confess that a very great interest is added to our camp life, which would not occur in an ordinary "camping out," I refer to the work which is being carried on here—the laying out of the park, restoring portions of the Serpent Mound, exploring other mounds and the burial places and village site, taking up skeletons and the things that were buried with the bodies, trying to find out the difference between the burials that have taken place in some of the mounds and graves; as there are many indications of at least two periods of occupation of this place in the past; walking over the village site to pick up rude implements, and learning to know the stones that are in place and those that are not, with many side issues of a geological, zoological and botanical nature.

Our amateur photographer also adds not a little enjoyment to our summer campaign, for it is truly delightful to feel that the views we have become so fond of can be carried away with us in a more substantial form than in their imprint on our memory. It is exceedingly interesting, too, to watch the process of developing and printing the plates by our friend, whose skill is happily combined with the artist's appreciation of the beautiful.

## RIFLE AND CABIN.

"BRING every man a Musket or fowling Peece. Let your Peece be long in the barrell, and fear not the waight of it. . . . Let your shott be most for bigge Fowles, and bring store of Powder and shot." So Edward Winslow wrote back to his English friends, within a year of the arrival of the Pilgrims, in his letter dated: "Plimmouth in New England, this 11 day of December, 1621." Mark Twain has playfully said, that the earliest pioneer of civilization in this country is always whiskey. We incline to say gunpowder, also, for that pilgrim advice has always come back from the borders and has always been adopted. The phase of wilderness life which it indicated at Plymouth has proved typical on the frontier down to our last examination in 1887. The Ohio company, under General Putnam, by vote of the directors, ordered, concerning the axemen, surveyors, road and boat builders, who were to precede the emigrant train, "that each man furnish himself with a good small arms, bayonet, six flints, a powder-horn and pouch, priming-wire and brush, half a pound of powder, one pound of balls and one of buck-shot."\*

Of course, in a wilderness expedition like that of Lewis and Clark, there must have been an almost total dependence on the rifle for camp supplies.

\* Walker's History of Athens County, Ohio, p. 79.

Thirty-two hard-working men must draw rations from the wilderness through which they passed, and their daily consumption was four deer, or an elk and a deer, or one buffalo, and when in the region of game their hunters were supposed to bring so much into camp each night. They had taken with them the iron skeleton of a boat, to be used when they could launch it. On the last day in June, 1805, being above the Great falls in the Missouri, they were ready to make the experiment, and so covered the frame with twenty-eight elk skins; but these could not be drawn water-tight in the seams, and it was not a region where pitch could be had, and so the boat project was a failure at the end of about two thousand six hundred miles. The rifles were of no avail for boat building, though they fed the company amply, as a few facts taken from the narrative between the dates of June 23 and July 9 will show. That last was the fatal day of the launch. One hunter "had fixed his camp on the opposite bank, where he had killed seven deer and dried about six hundred pounds of buffalo meat." Others "had killed several buffalo at the bend of the Missouri above the falls and dried about eight hundred pounds of meat and got one hundred pounds of tallow; they had also killed some deer." Two who had been sent out four miles to hunt,

for an afternoon, "killed nine elk and three bears . . . One proved to be the largest we had yet seen; his nose appeared to be like that of a common ox; his fore feet measured nine inches across, and the hind feet were seven inches wide and eleven and three-quarters long, exclusive of the claws." "A more than usual number of buffalo appeared about the camp to-day and furnished plenty of meat. Captain Clark thought that at one view he must have seen at least ten thousand."

As to the size of that bear's foot, and for the relief of the skeptical, we add, that while camping under the Unita mountains, in Wyoming, on one of the heads of Green river, in 1885, a grizzly left his footprint one night, near, and near enough to our tent—within easy rifle-shot by daylight. It was of the hind foot, in hard mud, a clear imprint, measuring twelve inches strong from toe to heel. The claws left their mould in the mud to the depth of two inches. We were not anxious to verify our measurement by having the foot itself offered.

Nor has this dependence on the rifle been confined to exploring and wandering parties. In 1790 a colony of thirty-six emigrants settled in the Muskingum valley in a beautiful tract called Big Bottom. "Isaac Meeks, a Virginian frontiersman, was employed as a hunter in the settlement and brought with him his wife and two children."\* The frontier settlers followed the chase often as a pursuit or means of support. The year be-

fore this government expedition started for the Pacific Dr. Harris visited the settlements beyond the Alleghanies, and makes this remark of those daring frontiersmen: "The abundance of game allures them to be huntsmen. They not only find sport in this pursuit, but supply of provisions together with considerable profit from the peltry."† The farmer as soon as he had gathered his harvests and yarded his stock turned hunter. An uneasiness for the forests seized him, and the rifle, quiet in its rest over the big fire-place, made him restless. His bear-grease lamp and his buffalo tallow candle recalled the hunt which brought in those supplies the winter before. He becomes nervous by night and restless by day, and finally takes to the forest.

Wild game constituted the chief portion of animal food. The flesh of the bear was highly prized, and could easily be made a good substitute for beef and bacon; the deer yielded the most delicious venison, far preferable to veal; occasionally the flesh of an elk or buffalo supplied the place of fresh beef. The flesh of the partridge, the wild pigeon, the pheasant, the wild turkey and the like yielded a more delicious fare than any domestic fowl. The squirrel, the rabbit, the opossum, and many other small quadrupeds, supplied the delicacies of veal, lamb, mutton and pork.‡

Then in the soft and rich skins of the bear and buffalo and deer, the family found robes and blankets and outer garments and head coverings. These skins, as well as the smaller and richer ones of the beaver and otter and sable

\* 'Tour of Thaddeus Mason Harris, M. D., into the Territory Northwest of the Alleghanies in 1803,' Boston, 1805, p. 59.

† 'Monette's History of the Valley of the Mississippi,' Vol. II., pp. 7, 8.

\* MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY, 1885, pp. 314-15.

and fox, found their way to the east in exchange for showy clothes and prints, and some of the staples of the cabin, as rifles, salt, and iron in some of its domestic forms.

In those times on the border, as now on a farther border, peltry and furs were a kind of circulating medium, or lawful tender, in the wilderness. And for this there was eminent and even kingly warrant. The crown charter of Charles II. to the Hudson Bay company, 1670, covered the Hudson Bay basin from rim to rim, touching the Atlantic and extending over into the Pacific. With Indian territory afterward leased to the company, their domain was larger than all Europe by one-third. The rent for the same, stipulated by the charter, and payable annually to the crown, and on the premises, was "two elks and two black beavers."

This reference by Captain Clark to so large a herd of buffalo recalls scenes now out of date in North America, but exceedingly important, and that kept back the Indian question from becoming such a weighty and humiliating one.

"There have now almost disappeared from the vast Buffalo ranges, extending between the Missouri and the Saskatchewan, the last vestiges of what was once the most perfectly-organized, effective and picturesque periodically recurring hunting excursion known to any nomadic people, . . . forming the almost entire support of certain well-defined border communities." At the rendezvous, before starting on the Great Fall hunt, "from 2,000 to 2,500 carts line the banks; 3,000 animals [ponies]

graze within sight upon the prairie; 1,000 more, with their following of women and children, find shelter under carts, and in the tents and tepes of the encampment; the smoke of the camp almost obscures the sun, and the Babel of sounds arising from the laughing, neighing, barking multitude, resembles the rush of many waters." This vast Indian multitude would keep the Sabbath morning devoutly with their priests, while the afternoon would be given up to racing, gaming and frolicking. Such a hunt was principally for robes, and when completed "the plain for miles is covered with the carcasses of buffalo, from which nothing has been taken save the hides, tongues, and it may be the more savory portions of the hump."\*

As an incident common in such a hunt, it is interesting to see the Indian, who is able to be the head of a family and of a pony and of a cart, take steps to renew his harness. He strips a heavy burly buffalo of his thick hide, spreads it out, raw side up, marks off a harness on it, cuts it out, and suddenly his gallant steed appears in new trappings! It is without a stitch or a buckle, and every part trimmed with buffalo hair.

The destruction of the buffalo has changed the problem of Indian life. In the times of those old hunts pemmican was worth only ten cents a pound, and the supply of the market did not much reduce the staple of Indian life; now it is worth thirty, and what with the de-

\* "The Great Fur Land." By H. M. Robinson: Putnam's Sons, 1879, pp. 135-165.

mand of the whites for buffalo robes, tongues and humps, the main dependence of large tribes is disappearing, and so the Indians also. Of course national and general human economics cannot afford grazing for buffalo, that Indians may have game supplies, but it were devoutly to be wished that our higher and somewhat vaunting civilization would properly furnish these wild wards of the nation with new means of living, after we have deprived them of their ancestral ones.

The author will not forget what he saw on the Kansas Pacific the year that road was opened through to Denver, 1870. We were 350 miles beyond Kansas City, and nearly as far east of Denver, when we stopped at Buffalo station. By actual count from the platform of the car more than fifty dead buffalo lay in sight, out on the prairie. Some were quite fresh, and some had lain for weeks. Perhaps the skin, or head and horns, or the tongue, or a roast had been cut from the huge beast. No wonder the United States troops were necessary to protect the construction party of the road, and the underground forts still remained and were occupied; and no wonder the Ute and other Indian wars followed in Colorado.

The temptation to the mixed life in the wilderness of trapper, hunter and farmer, is quite unknown to the eastern man of highways and bridges, pavements and gas light, with travels only among European castles. What a fascination to a border man to see such  
• a beaver camp as Mackenzie found in

that first overland trip of white man to the Pacific. "In some places they [the beaver] had cut down several acres of large poplars." "Thirty thousand of these little beauties are annually caught along the shores and swampy shallows of Peace river."\*

Each skin of those beavers would be as eagerly taken as a cash coupon by Astor in the wild north land, or at the office of the Hudson Bay company, Fenchurch street, London.

The frontier towns of old colony days and of to-day are at once suggestive of this mixed life of the chase and the farm. The gun and powder-horn were a part of the daily dress, and hung over the same shoulder with the axe and the hoe, and they clicked together. This reminds us of those very early days in New England when the farmers clubbed to do their field work under fear of the Indians, and stacked their guns when they took hold of the plough and the spade; and in the house of God, on the Sabbath, leaned their muskets against the heads of the pews, as they opened "the Bay Psalm book," prepared "for the edification and comfort of the saints," or stood up to pray. The rough cabin, stout dress and simple, substantial fare of the table were in harmony with such a life. As late as 1816, "St. Genevieve with a population of fifteen hundred people, had only half a dozen comfortable American

\* Voyages of Alexander Mackenzie. From Montreal, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, 1789-1793. London: 1801. pp. 187-247.

houses in the town"—then a leading one in Missouri.\*

Washington's life at sixteen, in the work of a surveyor of land, gives an inkling of frontier growth from the first:

Among skin-clad savages with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants, "who would never speak English;" rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bear-skin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw or fodder, and often camping in the forests, when the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury; . . . himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip.†

What but wild border settlements could be expected to follow up surveys of frontier lands in such circumstances?

But this was much superior to the life which Mackenzie found among the Hudson Bay Company's trappers on his Pacific excursion.

We have slept in structures of this kind, of not more than twelve by fifteen feet in superficial area, where the families ranged from fifteen to twenty members of all ages and both sexes.‡

In the matter of hunters in full dress, with furs and peltry as common as dry goods, and fresh game on the corners, one who has seen Omaha, or Bismark, or Cheyenne, or Denver, within a few years, has seen Buffalo and Detroit and Cincinnati and St. Louis, as they were as early frontier towns. In 1840 we found St. Louis both ancient and modern in this regard; and a squad of

louting Indians, now and then trailing their blankets along the streets of Pierre Linguette Leclède, with their wigwams within the grounds of the American Fur company, made a very suggestive hyphen between the old and the new. Some of the venerable and noblest now living in that city were born there in honor, and in log cabins, too.

The first directory of St. Louis places the old and the new in that magnificent city in bold contrast. Referring to the time when they killed buffalo on Mill creek and near Chouteau mill, the author says: "What a prodigious change has been operated!"||

Sometimes the hunter prevails over the farmer in the backwoodsman and the gun is more loved and trusted than the spade. Such a man becomes impatient of new neighbors, would rather have the original solitude, into which he moved, left undivided between himself and his game. At the approach of more settlers he inclines to sell out his claim and improvements and move on to a wilder front. The smoke of another man's cabin hurts his eyes. In the first decade of the present century Bradberry, the English traveler, thus speaks of this class:

The backwoodsman is alarmed at the approach of population and is anxious to remove farther back into the woods. The "improvement" consists in a log cabin, a peach and perhaps an apple orchard, together with from ten to thirty or forty acres of land, inclosed and partially cleared. For this seldom more than from fifty to a hundred dollars is asked, exclusive of the value of the land, which, in most

\* 'Flint's Travels in the Valley of the Mississippi,' p. 210.

† Bancroft's 'History of the United States,' Vol. III., p. 468.

‡ 'Voyages to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans,' p. 255.

|| 'The St. Louis Directory and Register, 1821.' By John A. Paxton—a very rare book, unpagged, with about fifty leaves. Private copy.

cases, belongs to the United States and may be purchased at the land office on the usual terms.\*

Flint, who observed and published somewhat later, speaks of "the great class of frontier or backwoods people, who begin upon the retirement of the Indians, and in their turn yield to a more industrious and permanent race, who succeed them, and they in turn push on still farther with their face ever toward the western sea. And thus wave propels wave. Then the frontier still broadens and there are many white settlers fixed in their homes eight hundred miles above St. Charles."† [On the Missouri twenty-two miles from its mouth.]

Nor has it been infrequent, or the instances yet ceased, where a single man or a family will become a voluntary Alexander Selkirk and fix an island home in a vast waste of wild land. The author last quoted says:

The surveyor, who ran the base line from the mouth of the Osage to the Arkansas, found a white family on the vast intermediate desert, between the settlements of the one river and the other, a hundred miles from any settled habitation, even of the Indians.—p. 203.

In 1885 we found a family in Wyoming, fifty miles from the railroad or any neighborhood life. The cabins of the cattlemen were here and there ten miles apart. This family consisted of the parents and six children, all small, with an outfit of a span of horses and wagon, a cow, a little bedding and scant camp furniture. The man said he was look-

ing for a place to settle. He left southeastern Kansas five months before and had been constantly on the trail, and was now far beyond the borders of surveyed lands. Very likely he may now be in Washington territory or southern California. Such uneasy men have their place and use in our advancing nation, like the star which heralds the morning while all is yet wrapped in darkness.

The case of Boone is a bold but not too strong an illustration of this passion for separate life in advance of all others. Born, 1735, in Pennsylvania and among Indians and wild game, he kept the company of both by following them through several removals in Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, where he died in 1823. Harding, the artist, who took the only portrait of him and at the age of eighty-five, found the old pioneer, true to himself, lying in his bunk in the cabin and cooking a venison steak on the ramrod of his faithful rifle. He lived there among his children and died while they were near to him, even of the fifth generation.

These solitary men—though of less native force and of less pronounced character—are still to be met in our western wilds. In the deep and wide ranges among the slopes of the Rocky mountains and the Wasatch and Cascade and Sierra Nevadas, where the waters are shaping their courses for the Gulf of Mexico, Hudson bay, the Arctic and the Pacific, there are areas whose breadth and wildness only the Boones of to-day comprehend. In the upper parts of the Green River valley a basin

\* 'Travels in the Interior of North America,' p. 291.

† 'Travels in the Mississippi Valley, 1815-25,' p. 203.

seventy-five miles wide and hundreds long, and where the headwaters of the Missouri and Colorado and Columbia are neighbors, "Uncle John" has been a trapper, hunter and wanderer since 1844, and has not once left the valley during these forty years. We found in the basin a few cabins besides Uncle John's, and he may feel it necessary to move on. Ours for four weeks in the autumn of 1885 was the most northern of fifteen, as we traveled up that valley from the railroad, one hundred and twenty-five miles. The nearest and next farther north was in the Yellowstone Park, two hundred miles. "Dick," our host, had bands of magnificent horses, on an unlimited "range." Nothing could exceed the amplitude and richness of his hospitality unless it were to be found those two weeks in tent twenty-five miles farther up, beyond any human roof, where the snow-capped Rockies maintained their silent watch over us. Two years later we enjoyed a more unlimited range and far wilder scenery and a grander solitude as for eight hundred miles we threaded our path and lighted our camp-fires and eased our saddle and pack-horses around and among and over the Wind river, Big Horn, Teton, Bridger and Uinta mountains. It was an inspiring, elevating, enlarging excursion, close to nature, with only two of us human beings to mar the grandeur.

It surprises the eastern man, who statedly attends the social gatherings "at early candle-lighting," and puts out the lights in his house for the night when "the nine o'clock bell rings,"

that sensible families should be willing to live where there are Indians, elks and grizzlies. Such, however, is the fact, showing that there are sensible families who do not live in the east, and who carry the rifle as a part of their clothing. An incident is as good as a chapter on this subject:

"Indian Jim" was a terror in the settlement, and had a very personal enemy in one Morgan, a daring backwoodsman. Leaving his cabin for a neighbor's, six miles away, Morgan stepped back, saying to his wife: "Betsy, I think my gun should go, too, for I may meet Indian Jim." "Never you worry, John; Indian Jim will die when his time comes." "I know it, Betsy, but suppose I meet Indian Jim down the creek, and his time has come to die, and my gun is home in the hut?"

Up and down our long and deep border, extending a thousand miles and more north and south, there is the restlessness of tide water on the beach, among the cabins and shanties and fair frame house and dugouts. What Flint said fifty years ago of the settlements lining the Mississippi, is true to-day on a parallel belt five hundred to a thousand miles farther west: "The general inclination here is too much like that of the Tartars. Next to hunting, Indian wars and the wonderful exuberance of Kentucky, the favorite topic is new countries."\*

In respect to this tidal movement of our population, the action in the United States is phenomenal. No other nation, indeed, has an opportunity or

\* Page 204.

opening for it. With a territory equal to that of Europe and much more, it will be seen that we have capacity in wild land for a constant and long continued invasion into the west. Some questions which perplex and alarm European cabinets, when masses of the dense populace ask for work or demand bread, are solved pleasantly and profitably among us, in an emigrant wagon going west. Pertinent to this statement, and full of meaning to the thoughtful American, is the remark of Goldwin Smith before the New York Historical society in 1864: "The great migrations of mankind are the great epochs of history." Herein is a grand stimulus for those who direct the educating and Christianizing forces of benevolence. For the broad and far-reaching man, fundamental work must be to make up material for new alcoves of history, by the development of our newest west, where the last great migration of mankind is now settling. Of course, old volumes will be tenderly guarded and some will be rebound, but the next epoch of human history will be beyond the Mississippi, and this working generation of Americans must create the material for the historians of it.

That is a very fortunate passion for the United States and the new world, which Washington Irving has set forth in his own most pleasant and playful way, when speaking of the native American emigrant:

His whole family, household furniture and farming utensils are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in

hand, whistles "Yankee Doodle," and trudges off to the woods. . . . Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log-hut, clears away a cornfield and potato patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labors, he is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins. . . . He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement, sells his farm, . . . reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands, again to fell trees, again to clear cornfields, again to build a shingle palace, and again to sell off and wander.

This passion for a border life and for hunter cabins beyond, is seldom cured. The enjoyment and fascination take stronger hold as the years run by. Many of the Hudson Bay company's agents who entered those northern wilds, as Scotch young men, had a full purpose at the first to return to civilized life in a ripe age, and with stored funds, enjoy the remnant of their days. Some lost all desire to see the old country again, and some tried Scotland for a brief time and wearied of it; and it came to pass finally that enough, with their tawny families, settled Winnipeg, then on the twilight border, and with their means and leisure and old habits and forest opportunities, they then constituted the aristocracy of the wilderness—London, West End, of Prince Rupert's Land.

About seven hundred miles up the Missouri, and near to the present Nemaha City, Bradbury, about seventy-five years ago, found a French trader among the Indians, with one Rogers from St. Louis, as an interpreter. Their only food was stale beaver meat, and the nearest white neighbor was four hundred and fifty miles away. And near the mouth of the L' Eau qui Court,

near Yankton, about eleven hundred miles up the Missouri, the same party met three hunters who had families in Kentucky, but had been in the wilds of the Missouri for several years. They had come down the river so far, on the return, to visit their childhood homes. Here Mr. Hunt met them, in his overland expedition to found Astoria, and the forest fever had a relapse and carried them off up the river. Wives, children, farms, and all in Kentucky were forgotten, and they headed their canoes up stream again and toward the mountain wilds and the Pacific. My trapper, friend and guide in the Rocky mountains, so at home anywhere in the wilds between the Missouri and the Pacific for thirty years and more, had no pleasant anticipation of the coming winter, in citizen's clothes and under roofs, and among carriages and gas-posts.

Of course the civil, social and moral grade of such border life as we have been outlining cannot always be very elevated. Many of the cabin families are of the second, third, and, perhaps, the fourth remove or generation from the school-house and the church; books are few, and intellectual food generally is scarce, and their very isolation in vast unsettled districts makes their human world narrow.

When interior Iowa had but few cabins and farms, we were on a week's hunt in the upper valley of the Wapsipinicon, and finally lacked wadding for our primitive muzzle-loaders. An old newspaper, even, could not be found for the emergency. Our camp was then in

Hangman's Bend, and we passed down to it under the oak where the people's court hung up a horse thief not long before.

If any persons, eminent, or even fair in generous culture, adopt this border life, they feel and soon show the need of supporting and elevating aids. A suggestive and warning passage is found in a letter of Robert Ryce to John Winthrop, under date of August 12th, 1629. About this time Winthrop, and scholarly men like him, were emigrants to the wild Atlantic frontier of America. "How hard it will be for one brought up among books and learned men to live in a barbarous place, where is no learning and less civility." \*

With this agrees what Mackenzie said ninety years ago, when speaking of the lapses from civilization in British America: "Experience proves that it requires much less time for a civilized people to deviate into the manners and customs of savage life than for savages to rise into a state of civilization." †

Coronado, Cortez and their successors carried the Spanish civilization of the sixteenth century into Mexico, but not only did the Spanish immigrants and settlers degenerate and decivilize, they even debased the pagan Aztecs from a fair morality. As to their improvements, as late as 1846, the year the United States took possession there, the "Adobe Palace" in Santa Fé was said to be the only building in New Mexico which had window-glass. With good

\* 'Mass. Historical Collections.' Fourth Series, VI. 398.

† 'Voyages.' Introduction, I, II.

show of truth, therefore, the Edinburgh Review had made the remark the year before, stating an American, and not merely Mexican, fact :

The experience of a century had shown that the indiscriminate admission of civilized men as traders is destructive to the morals of the Indians. It has been tried by the French ; it has been tried by the English, and it has been tried by the Americans, and in every case the natives have been swept away by war, disease and famine, and the whites have exhibited a frightful mixture of all the vices of civilized and savage life.\*

It was a point well taken in legislature for the good of the commonwealth when the Bay State colony ordered as follows : " It is agreed that hereafter noe dwelling-howse shalbe builte above halfe a myle from the meeteing howse in any new piantacion without leave from the Court." †

Of course, compactness of settlement was designed for safety against the Indians, but decivilizing influences threatened the scattered frontiersmen of that day, to guard against which a meeting-house was thought to be indispensable. The Puritans were statesmen as well as Christians.

The fact lies up plain on the face of history that no people ever attained to a fair government, guarding the rights of person, property and conscience, or achieved a respectable grade of education or fair morality, who made their homes in tents and shanties. The lack of permanency, the hindrances to accumulation, and the scantiness in such a life, with the chronic fever for

change, forbid the growth of the elements which enter into a strong and growing civil state. Only as the rifle and the cabin disappear, and domestic animals take the place of wild ones, and the cultivated grains and fruits and vegetables displace the natural ones, can the neighborhood and the courts and text books and the commonwealth come in. The first are natural, indispensable and therefore honorable, but temporary ; and the simple annals of that primitive life, uncouth it may seem to the city bred, are among the noblest, as they are the first, chapters in our history. Taking the people, man for man and woman for woman, in the old cities and on the frontier belts, it would be difficult to match the heroism, the chivalry, the patriotic work, and the high thought, perhaps set in rough courtesy, that have characterized and honored our border lands.

Certainly for vigorous heroism, frontier life furnishes the best instances, as it provides the best opportunities for calling them out, or rather imposes the sternest necessities for them. In the very early days of Worcester county, Massachusetts, the wife of Samuel Bemis, of the Proprietors' Part of Leicester, afterwards Spencer, went to Sudbury, fifty miles, under a mother's necessity, through fear of the Indians, who came frequently to her home. When the child was two weeks old she returned to her home on horseback, and in one day, carrying the babe in her arms.‡

The growth from those simple and

\* July, 1845.

† 'Records of Massachusetts for 1635 and 1636,' I., 157, 181.

‡ 'History of Worcester County,' Spencer.

crude beginnings to the magnificent western states of to-day is not approached by any illustration or comparison in old world history. In 1780 Colonel George Rogers Clark built a block-house, where Cincinnati now stands—the first habitation there for white man; and slowly, after a most venturesome manner, the log houses sprang up under its shadow and encouragement. It is but very recently, 1879, that he who claimed to be the first white child born of that rude, back-woods village, has died—William Moody. So far had civilization gone out from those lowly log homes, and treaties taken the place of war with the Indians, that in 1796 Chillicothe was founded without a stockade—the first town over the Alleghanies without such defense. True, the days of peace with the red men did not then fully come in, but the beginning was made, and by men who had anxiously kept their rifles near the cabin door and by the first rows of corn and acres of wheat and in the pews in the house of God.

This was such a condition of society as Choate tersely and graphically described as existing in Oregon a half century later, when he was pleading that immigration and agriculture might be left to settle the Oregon question: "Are not the rifles and the wheat growing together, side by side?"\*

An intense interest attaches to that germ life of early days, as we see it change and develop into the great industries which now are so

prominent in those empire states. From the wild animal as food the settler came gradually to have, roaming in the forests and natural meadows about him, his half wild domestic animals for beef and pork. This was a great advance, and yet but one remove for meat from the hunter life. "When a farmer has an inclination to export a quantity of beef or pork, he carries his barrels and salt into the woods, and with his rifle he kills his cattle and swine and packs away the meat ready for market."†

Here we find the germinal *abattoir* and the nascent Cincinnati and Chicago, now packing meat for the world. And a similar idea of development from a pair of domestic hand-cards to a factory arises as one reads this item in Flint's travels: "I counted forty-five female dresses hung around my sleeping room, all of cotton, raised and manufactured and colored in the family."‡

Thus the rifle and axe and cabin have led the way and founded such magnificent states as Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Iowa, and all the others between the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountains.

Chicago had her last great prairie wolf hunt within her present city limits, October 4, 1834, and took forty scalps of the noisy and thieving coyotes.

The canoe and the pirogue have given place to the steamboat; the family coach of John Shackford from

† 'Sketches Historical and Descriptive of Louisiana.' By Major Amos Stoddard: 1812. p. 229.

‡ Page 236.

\* Speech in U. S. Senate, March 21, 1844.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to St. Louis in 1819, between sixty and seventy days on the way, has yielded to the locomotive—the tough half-breed Indian has given up his route of ninety miles between Chicago and Niles, Michigan, over which he carried the mail on foot once in two weeks.

Nor is the mail-bag now often retarded for several weeks in the great wilderness between Louisville and St. Louis as formerly. The small hand mills of Henry Cassel, used in 1800 for grinding grain by the quart, have become unpopular, and the flour mill has crowded Cassel's mill and the "hominy block" much into disuse.

One who has not made a study of our new country stands amazed, and sometimes skeptical, over this growth. Some first-class eastern men and women laid aside Smith's geography thirty years ago, or Olney's forty years ago, or Goodrich's fifty years ago, or Woodbridge's and Willard's longer ago than they often say. The man took up day-book and ledger instead, and the woman domestic and social and local duties. One has read, miscellaneous, politics and trade, and the other, perhaps, about persons loved and jilted, fooled and married and suicided, who were never born, and living in weird castles and sweet arbors and old-town gardens, never existing. If fortunate financially, they may have dropped into a tour of Europe. Now, in the presence of this extension of our settled domain, they stand confused, as when the common man looks up into space among the stars. While

they have been expending this sunny, or drudging, or locally useful life, their early schoolmates in the tattered and dog-eared geography, have been men of the rifle and axe and women of the cabin, who have achieved this wonder among the nations. They have fed and groomed and spurred the American horse, which, as Gladstone said, is passing by the United Kingdom of Great Britain "in a canter."

If any other statement can surprise such persons more than what is embodied in this paper, it is the fact that the west is doing a more marvelous work in growth and development in these current years, and to-day, than ever before. Not long since, 1875, standing on the platform at Duluth, we were shouted, "All aboard" for the far west, and the final brakes were put on at Bismark, on the Missouri, somewhat more than three thousand up stream from the mouth of the Mississippi. Since that time they have changed the announcement for us at the head of Lake Superior, and now say: "All aboard for Puget Sound and the Pacific"—a total run by rail of more than two thousand miles. It is now but a few years since that road-bed and belt were held in common by the buffalo and the Indian with no third party to dispute the right or to enter a claim.

In 1837 John Steele inaugurated the lumbering interest in Minnesota territory. His six half-breed Indians were the first to swing axes there in that interest. Mr. Steele had for his outfit camp on the St. Croix one ox with a cart to match, one barrel of flour, in sacks, one of pork, a half bushel of beans and some molasses. He

is reported to have built that year the first cabin of white man at the Falls of St. Anthony. To the rifle and the cabin he added six axes and a saw mill, and now we have the railroad and its belt of settlements. Where the lone echo of those axes could almost be heard, stand now two cities with more than two hundred thousand people each, and one of them could manufacture for those six Indians 29,400 barrels of flour a day. Persons who have not studied American geography since they laid aside Goodrich and Olney and Smith, would find, on review, some new matter in that region, where, in their school-days, the rifle and cabin were just

going in. A suggestive fact shall close this chapter of miscellanies.

In 1793, April 29, Moses Beal advertised to run a stage from Albany through Schenectady to Johnstown and Canajoharie, about fifty miles. It was to be a weekly trip, leaving every Friday and returning every Tuesday. Fare threepence a-mile and fourteen pounds baggage; one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage equal to a second passenger. Moses Beal has taken down his hand-bill and discontinued the route.\*

WILLIAM BARROWS.

\* Magazine of American History, July, 1880, p. 60.

#### BRITTON A. HILL.

BRITTON A. HILL, a practicing lawyer in the city of St. Louis since 1841, and for several years in the firm of Thomas Ewing of Ohio, B. A. Hill of Missouri, and Orville H. Browning of Illinois, at the city of Washington, D. C., during the civil war, was born at Milford, in Hunterdon county, New Jersey, on the seventh of December, 1816. His father, David Hill, the son of David Hill and Mary Leete, was born in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, in May, 1776. His mother, Abigail Benjamin, the daughter of Isaac Benjamin and Abigail Ewing, was born in Milford, New Jersey, in April, 1795. Britton was educated in Ogdensburg, New York, where he studied law under Bishop Perkins, esquire, and was admitted to the bar at Albany, and to the

court of chancery at Saratoga, New York, in the year 1839. He practiced law in Ogdensburg for two years, in copartnership with Amariah B. James, late judge of the supreme court of New York, when he removed to St. Louis in the summer of 1841.

His law practice in a few years became the largest and most lucrative of any in the city of St. Louis. He was noted for his moral courage, his integrity, his eloquence, his indomitable energy, unfailing memory, critical accuracy of analysis and extraordinary powers of endurance, which enabled him to rise, with the increase of his professional engagements, to the very highest grade of legal attainment, until at length he is acknowledged to be one of the ablest lawyers in the United States. In these forty-eight

years of law practice in state and federal courts, Mr. Hill has established a reputation that has become National. He had acquired a moderate fortune at the age of fifty years, when he devoted all his spare time to a more thorough study of the science of government and its kindred subjects, with the idea of publishing a book, presenting all the constitutional amendments and laws, state and federal, necessary to perpetuate and fortify our system of representative republican government. This idea had taken form when he began the study of the law in 1835, and all his studies from that time on were directed to the accomplishment of this object. The War of the Rebellion furnished the opportunity for the adoption of Mr. Hill's theory of a new scheme of finance, based upon National legal tender notes. He suggested to his friend, Mr. Lincoln, amendments to the revenue act, in June, 1861, for the issue of legal tender demand notes, receivable for all debts and duties in sums of fifty millions of dollars when required, to be redeemed in coin, at Washington, at the treasury, and in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco, at the sub-treasuries, on demand, and if the coin was not on hand at either one of these places for redemption, that treasury drafts should be issued by the treasury at Washington, in sums from one hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars each, upon any one of the sub-treasuries named, to satisfy any demand for coin redemption. The act of congress of July 17, 1861, for the issue of fifty million dollars of legal tender demand notes omitted San Francisco as a place of redemption, and the issue of drafts in aid of the plan of redemption. It

also omitted the provision for the receipt of the demand notes for duties at the custom-houses. The object of the original amendments was to furnish an ample circulation of demand notes for war expenses without issuing interest bearing bonds. The bond issue, however, was adopted, and an enormous National debt was created.

In August, 1873, Mr. Hill published his first work, entitled 'Liberty and Law under Federative Government,' presenting a new system for the improvement and perfection of the state and federal constitutions, the codification of the laws, the enforcement of public hygiene, of non-sectarian public education, and the establishment of National railways, telegraphs, absolute money, graduated income taxation, etc., so as to produce coöperative representative governments, with perfected governmental machinery, adapted to regulate and administer the laws required for the new era of steam and electric machinery and the gigantic corporations arising out of them, which already seek to control legislation.

With great sagacity he has pointed out the growing dangers threatening our Republican institutions, from partisan, legislative, judicial, corporative, and other despotisms that are silently but surely sapping the foundations of our common liberties. He proposed in this work the remedies to correct these evils and abuses, and to avoid the impending National disintegration. It has been fitly styled the new gospel of human freedom, and when we read the searching analysis of the true foundations and principles of representative government by this master of Republican states-

manship, a feeling of confidence in our race and in the certainty of its progressive elevation, takes possession of the mind. It is the most encouraging and patriotic book of the century. It fills the souls of the friends of freedom and humanity with a thousand noble aspirations.

Thirty-three years practice of the law, in the courts of New York, Missouri, Illinois, the supreme court of the United States, and the departments of the Federal government, had given Mr. Hill many opportunities to observe and study the practical working of our federal system, and of state constitutions and laws, upon the civilization, harmony, progress, welfare, happiness, rights and liberties of citizens, for whose benefit the Constitution of the United States declares our form of government has been established. A careful analysis and study of our present system, and its practical operation, convinced him that the weakness of our federal union was directly owing to a defective adjustment of the claims of sovereignty, state and federal, and of their respective positive duties under their organic laws.

To the former defect he attributes the outbreak of the late civil war, which would not have occurred if an inter-state National court had been primarily provided for the decision of all questions of state rights, of federal supremacy, and all others arising under organic laws. Mr. Hill recommends the creation of such a court in the second edition of 'Liberty and Law,' of 1880. To the latter defect he believes the great monopolies have been enabled to grow to their present enormous proportions, threatening the destruction of our common franchises and

liberties. The remedies for all these evils are fully set forth and elaborately discussed in the second edition of 'Liberty and Law.'

These works attracted widespread attention. The press at home and abroad commended them as valuable contributions to political science and economy. In July, 1875, he published a new work, 'Absolute Money,' elaborating the chapters on money in 'Liberty and Law,' developing a new financial system for the United States, to prevent the destruction of the greenbacks by the Specie Resumption act of January, 1875, which took effect in January, 1879.

In May, 1876, while the money crisis was crippling trade, commerce and manufactures, Mr. Hill wrote a powerful review of Professor Newcomb's 'A, B, C, of Finance,' and a pamphlet entitled "Specie Resumption and National Bankruptcy, Identical and Indivisible." In January, 1877, he published another pamphlet entitled, "Gold, Silver and Paper," as *full equal legal tenders*, in aid of his system of "Absolute Money," which was then on trial before the country. In July, 1878, Secretary Sherman ordered the greenbacks to be received for duties on and, after the first of October, 1878. This order by the treasury made the greenbacks equal to gold when the Specie Resumption act took effect; the whole paper currency of the greenbacks and the national banks--about \$740,000,000, was thus thrown into general circulation again, and the *coin basis* became a full legal tender *greenback basis*, which restored the business of the country to a rich prosperity. The seven years' war of the money power to destroy the greenbacks,

and restore the old fraudulent coin basis system of banking, terminated in establishing Mr. Hill's system of National "Absolute Money" forever. The supreme court of the United States, in March, 1884, decided that the greenback was a legal tender, a constitutional money, having full intrinsic value, and the vexed question has thus been finally settled in favor of Mr. Hill's theory of "Absolute Money." The result has been a wondrous success. The National debt has rapidly diminished, the surplus in the treasury has steadily increased, and the speculators in bonds fear the National debt will be paid off, and that the swindling coin basis system of banking will never be restored to plunder the people, as it had done for so many years before 1861.

This "Absolute Money" system has proved itself to be the most safe, practical, economical, and business-advancing of any ever invented. It has a firm and solid basis upon the annual products of \$15,000,000,000, and the total wealth of the Republic, now estimated at \$300,000,000,000. No bank can present one thousandth part of this capital, and our present money system is the safest, most useful and universally acceptable of any in the world. The European nations, by adhering to the old coin basis system of banking, have come to a period of monetary distress that threatens revolution. If we continue faithfully to hold the advan-

tages of this new money system until the close of the century, our Republic will have the control of the finances of the world. Mr. Hill regards the federal treasury as the largest, safest, and most perfect financial agency in existence, and insists that the surplus money on hand is not too large to secure and protect the National credit. The chief object should be the purchase and cancellation of federal bonds. This will furnish the natural means to avoid too large an increase of our surplus money, and to secure the gradual payment and extinction of the National debt.

As a lawyer, an original thinker, a political economist and author, Mr. Hill holds a National reputation. His sole aim has been to satisfy the most pressing wants of humanity, so that each citizen may attain the greatest good, happiness, wisdom, truth and spirituality of which his faculties are capable, without abusing or inharmoniously using either or any of his powers of mind or body.

Mr. Hill is now residing in St. Louis, in excellent health, still engaged in his literary work and in giving advice to his clients in important cases. He has but two children. His elder son is judge of the St. Louis circuit court, and his younger son, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, is practicing as a physician and surgeon in St. Louis.

SEELYE A. WILLSON,

## ST. JOSEPH, THE QUEEN OF THE MISSOURI VALLEY.

Not many short and fleeting years,  
 With all their hopes, and joys, and fears,  
 Have marched, unhalting to the dead,  
 With steady, stern, and silent tread,  
 Since o'er the hills and valleys here,  
 The red man chased the panting deer;  
 And by the dark Missouri's tide  
 The warrior wooed his dusky bride.  
 The paddle of the light canoe  
 Flashed where the water-lilies grew;  
 In nature's garb the land was drest,  
 From mountain's foot to craggy crest,  
 And all was fresh, untouched and wild—  
 The free home of the forest child.

But soon, from to'ard the rising sun,  
 Was heard the white man's axe and gun;  
 The forest bowed before his hand,  
 And as a garden bloomed the land;  
 The plowshare turned the virgin soil,  
 And rich rewards repaid the toil  
 Of every hardy pioneer  
 Who built his humble cabin here.  
 And now among the Blacksnake hills  
 Spires, and homes, and shops, and mills,  
 Have risen, as though genii hands,  
 Had wrought where this fair city stands.

For unknown decades before the foot  
 of white man had trodden any portion  
 of this fair republic, the aboriginal tribes  
 seem to have made the point where St.  
 Joseph now stands the starting-place for  
 their expeditions farther west. The char-  
 acter of the great river at this point and  
 the topography of the country doubtless  
 controlled in the matter, and St. Joseph  
 has always been a great natural distribut-  
 ing point, even before it had a name.

The first white settler of the place was  
 Joseph Robidoux, who was born at St.

Louis in 1783, on the tenth of August.  
 His father, also named Joseph, was a  
 French Canadian, who left Montreal and  
 located in St. Louis, shortly after the set-  
 tlement of that city by the French. This  
 head of the Robidoux family in the west  
 being a shrewd business man and possess-  
 ing unusual energy, even for a French-  
 man, accumulated a fortune and edu-  
 cated his six sons and one daughter in  
 the best manner possible in those days  
 in that city. Yet this is saying not a  
 little, for his children received, beside the  
 usual plain education, scientific and  
 literary courses. The elder Robidoux  
 was also noted for his hospitality, and  
 occupied a large and handsome mansion  
 in St. Louis, surrounded by every comfort  
 and convenience. Here he entertained  
 his numerous friends, the leading and in-  
 fluential people of the place and time,  
 and in his house the First General Assem-  
 bly of Wisconsin held its first session, on  
 the seventh day of December, 1812.

When but eighteen years old, Joseph,  
 the elder of his boys, and founder of the  
 city of St. Joseph, married Eugenie Dels-  
 lille, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of  
 St. Louis. Following her death, four  
 years afterward, young Robidoux, then in  
 his twenty-third year, started out to find  
 a favorable location for a trading post.  
 He visited points on the lower Mississippi,  
 between St. Louis and New Orleans, but  
 discovering no place which suited him,

afterward located on the present site of Chicago. There he was plundered by the Indians, and, returning to St. Louis, shortly started on a voyage up the Missouri river with a member of the American Fur company.

"Blacksnake Hills" had been reported to the two voyagers by some of the hunters of the company as a place of promise for a trading post, and here they disembarked, meeting congregated tribes of the Sac, Fox and Iowa Indians, whom, it appeared, were in the habit of assembling at this point at certain seasons, preparatory to crossing the river, either on visits to other tribes or for the purpose of hunting.

After looking at the point, and noting its advantages as a probable future trading post, these two proceeded on their way to Council Bluffs, now in the state of Iowa, opposite the city of Omaha. This place was the headquarters of the Otoe, Pawnee, Omaha, Ponca, and other Indian tribes, and young Robidoux being so well pleased with the location, returned to St. Louis, and purchasing a stock of suitable goods, transported it to the Bluffs by keel-boat, and remained there for thirteen years, beginning in 1800. His goods were exchanged with the Indians for money, furs and other commodities, Mr. Robidoux meantime making frequent visits to St. Louis. During his residence in the Bluffs, and while on a visit to St. Louis, he married Angelique Vaudry, a daughter of that city, who died in 1857 in the city of St. Joseph.

Readily adapting himself to the habits, manners and customs of the Indians, and learning to speak fluently the dialects of the different tribes, he became an expert

Indian trader, and achieved remarkable success in that calling. Indeed, his success was much more satisfactory to himself than to the American Fur company, with whose trade he was in direct competition. That company finally purchased his stock of goods, giving him its actual value on the spot and 50 per cent. more, with an additional sum of \$6,000, conditioned that he would retire from the trade at that point for three years.

Returning to St. Louis, he remained for three years and until 1826, when he took charge of the fur company's trading post at the mouth of Roy's Branch, a short distance north of the Blacksnake Hills, and from there the company shortly afterward moved him to the site of the city which he founded. He remained in the employ of the fur company until 1830, when he purchased the company's entire interest in the "outfit," and became sole proprietor of the post at Blacksnake Hills.

For many years the solitary cabin of Joseph Robidoux was the only evidence among these hills of civilized man's residence. With every puffing steamer that ascended the turbid waters of the "Big Muddy" came the emigrant and the adventurer seeking homes or booty in the far west. Embryo settlements had been made along the banks of the great river, at where now stand Independence, Kansas City, Leavenworth and Omaha, but very few persons, and they at long intervals, became even distant neighbors to Robidoux. With a fortitude unsurpassed, however, and with a tenacity of purpose which knew no defeat, he patiently bided his time. It may have been that he had not dreamed, until it had begun to come, that he was to

be the founder here of a beautiful and populous city, now numbering seventy thousand souls, but he was succeeding as an Indian trader, and that was, doubtless, his only ambition at first.

Northwestern Missouri, including what was afterward known as the "Platte purchase," soon came to be noticed more carefully by the passing pioneers, and favorable reports of the great beauty of the region, its rich prairies, fertile valleys, grand forests of timber, perennial springs and numerous water courses, together with the salubrity of the climate, reached eastward, and settlers began to gather around Robidoux' post, until, in 1839, such a settlement had been made that three gentlemen came from Independence for the purpose of purchasing the land held by Robidoux and laying out a town. They failed, however, in their mission and went away. Meantime, the Robidoux establishment had grown in importance. Not only the Indians, but numerous whites were his customers. His house and store grew imposing in dimensions, and he had, beside his numerous family and domestics, more than twenty men in his employ, trading in every direction among settlers and Indians, and bringing in furs. Finally, in June, 1843, Robidoux employed a surveyor named Simeon Kemper to plat a town on his land, which was then, for the most part, covered with a luxuriant growth of hemp. F. W. Smith made a map of the place, and the new town was christened St. Joseph, losing the name of Blacksnake Hills and taking that of the founder and his patron saint. The lots were then placed upon the market and sold rapidly, the uniform price being \$150

for corner lots and \$100 for inside places. At the close of 1843 the population numbered about five hundred, having increased three hundred during that year. The first two-story brick building was erected in 1843, and the first church in 1844-45. This church was a log building, 20 by 30 feet, and was erected under the direction of a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. F. S. Reeve.

Soon after the church building was completed and occupied, an incident occurred in it which was more amusing than the holy cause for which it had been raised would have warranted, but as illustrative of some characteristics which prevailed to some extent on the frontier at that time might be considered fairly faithful: One Sabbath day, while religious services were being held, a loud and rough knock was heard at the door, but before anyone could open it, a burly-looking settler from the Grand river region entered, without ceremony, further than the removal of his coonskin cap, and advanced toward the pulpit, motioning the preacher to stop. The man of God being thus strangely and inopportunistly accosted, naturally brought his discourse to a sudden standstill, when the intruder asked: "Is Bob Donnell in this house?" and continuing, he said: "Ef he is, I've got a bar'l er honey out here fer him."

Mr. Donnell was present, and, while the assembled multitude gave way to roars of laughter which no one could have expected to have been smothered, the gentleman called blushing arose and accompanied his acquaintance to the outside, and did not return that day to report whether the "bar'l" was satisfactory or not.

A few years ago the following poem

concerning that same old church was written by this writer:

#### THE OLD LOG CHURCH.

On olden walls, in memory's halls,  
 With roses 'round it clinging,  
 A picture rare, of antique air,  
 The old log church is swinging.  
 Of timbers rough, and gnarled, and tough,  
 It stands in rustic beauty,  
 A monument to good intent  
 And loyal, Christian duty.  
 The forest trees, kissed by the breeze  
 Of early autumn weather,  
 Stand grimly by, and seem to sigh,  
 And bend their boughs together.  
 They seem to feel that woodman's steel  
 Will come to end their glory,  
 And whisper low, and soft, and slow,  
 Among their leaves, the story.  
 Down by the mill, and up the hill,  
 And through the hazel thicket,  
 And o'er the mead brown pathways lead  
 Up to the rustic wicket.  
 And by these ways, on holy days,  
 The village folk collected,  
 And humbly heard the Sacred Word,  
 And worshiped unaffected.  
 Sweet Fancy's art and poet's heart  
 Can see the old-time preacher  
 And village sage, now turn the page  
 As minister or teacher.  
 For in the church, with dreaded birch,  
 On week-days he presided,  
 In awful mien, a tutor seen,  
 'Twixt lore and licks divided.  
 But where it stood, in dappled wood,  
 A city sprang to life,  
 And jolly noise of barefoot boys  
 Is lost in business rife.  
 With years now flown, the children grown,  
 Are launched on life's mad billows;  
 The pretty maid is matron staid,  
 The master's 'neath the willows.

The first officers of the town of St. Joseph were elected in 1845, as follows:

Joseph Robidoux, president; Isadore Barada, John F. Carter, Johnson Copeland, Wiley N. English, St. Clark K. Miller, and Benjamin C. Powell, trustees; B. F. Loan, clerk; Howell Thomas, constable and collector; Robert J. Boyd, treasurer.

In the year 1845 the Asiatic cholera prevailed in the United States, and the Missouri valley did not escape the scourge, although St. Joseph was more exempt from its ravages than many other surrounding towns, owing to the beautiful situation, and to the good drainage of the site. On the nineteenth of December, 1846, the census of St. Joseph showed a total population of 967, being an increase of nearly five hundred in three years.

In 1845 the feeling that St. Joseph was destined to become an active commercial centre prevailed in the region, and a newspaper, *The Gazette*, which is now a flourishing daily, was established.

When in 1849 the gold excitement in California fevered the country, St. Joseph had grown to important dimensions as a western city, and during that year sixty thousand persons left St. Joseph, having come from all parts of the country to cross the plains and mountains to the new Eldorado. Thus St. Joseph became a famous outfitting post, and the trade thus produced gave the place a strong start and it grew with wonderful rapidity.

In 1847 the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad was incorporated. This was the pioneer railroad west of the Mississippi river, and Joseph Robidoux, John Corby and Robert J. Boyd of St. Joseph were among the incorporators.

It was not, however, until 1852 that the road was assured, and not till 1859 that the first through train was run. In the meantime, the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak created a great excitement, and an immense tide of emigration swept to the westward. St. Joseph was so situated as to be in the direct line of travel, and at once became the outfitting point for the emigrants and for the immense volume of freight that was transported across the plains. St. Joseph was then a scene of great activity, and fortunes were rapidly accumulated by those who were then in business. The future of the city seemed to be assured, but within the next decade the dark cloud of civil war spread over the land, and St. Joseph became the scene of hostilities for some time. The people of the state were divided on the questions then agitating the public, and for a number of years all progress in business was paralyzed, and many of the prospects for the future rudely dissipated. When the struggle had ended, the participants came home, and with those who had weathered through the storm, gathered up the tangled threads of commerce and industry, and set to work to repair the damage that had been done, and to forge ahead as much as possible.

In 1860 the population of St. Joseph was 8,932. During the war it increased but little, yet in 1870, five years after the conflict, it had a population of 19,500.

A noted event in the history of St. Joseph was the starting, on Tuesday evening, April 3, 1860, of the pony express.

The projectors of the enterprise had first established stations and riders all

along the route, from St. Joseph to San Francisco. Each rider averaged about sixty miles, and was supplied with three relays of the fleetest and best bred horses which could be obtained in Kentucky and elsewhere. The route lay across the country in a general western direction from St. Joseph, and inclining a little northwardly to about where the waters of the North and South Platte join, near a point upon which now stands the city of North Platte. Thence up the North Platte and across the Laramie plains, through the Black Hills of Wyoming, up the Sweet Water valley through South Pass to the great Salt Lake, across Nevada, along the route which is now taken by the Central Pacific railroad, through passes in the Sierras to the Sacramento valley, and down that stream to San Francisco bay. The country was infested with Indians, more or less predatory, and bands of robbers who made their rendezvous in the Wind River mountains, and attacked trains and coaches along the Sweet River valley. But the riders of the pony express were mounted upon horses so strong and fleet that they could always elude pursuit by the Indians on their small ponies, and in the same way avoid the road agents of the South Pass. Besides, they carried powerful field-glasses, by which they could detect at long distances the presence of such dangers, and avoid them by *detours*. The saddles they rode were light, and their only express matter was telegraph dispatches. The dispatches were placed in pouches which were covered with oil-cloth, so as to prevent injury by water, and when a rider arrived at a relay post he threw himself from his horse, a fresh ani-

mal was held ready by attendants for him to mount, and with his precious pouches he would be again, in less than a minute, dashing at full tilt on his way. Frequently the riders met, but they halted not for the exchange of courtesies, but flew past each other on duty intent, but with a shout of recognition, perhaps.

As may be supposed, the transmission of messages over this line was effected at no trifling cost, and those who had occasion to avail themselves of its convenience made it a point to study brevity of expression. In this connection an amusing incident is chronicled as having transpired: Thomas McGuire, the noted theatrical manager of San Francisco, sent to Artemus Ward, the famous humorist, a dispatch: "What will you take for forty nights?" Ward, who never lost an opportunity for a joke, promptly replied, at the expense of the manager, "Brandy and water." A better understanding was finally arrived at, or at least a less ambiguous one, and an engagement was afterward effected, which was mutually profitable to both the humorous lecturer and his California manager. The dispatches sent by pony express were telegraphed to St. Joseph from eastern points and sent west in the manner suggested. Those from the west were brought to St. Joseph by pony express and sent thence to their destination by telegraph.

On the day mentioned, in 1860, at a given signal, a cannon shot from the Patee House, the first pony express rider and his lithe charger darted from the doorway of the old Pike's Peak stables, opposite Patee park, and in a few seconds was at the United States express

office on Third street, between Felix and Edmond, and from there, at 7.15 P. M., having received his light burden of dispatches, darted away amid the cheers and huzzas of a vast throng which had assembled to witness the "new departure." A ferry-boat at the foot of Jules street bore horse and rider to the Kansas bank of the Missouri river, and away he went careering into the west. This rider was named John Fry, and among the dispatches he bore was President Buchanan's last message to congress.

Previous to the year 1861 no one had ever thought of such a thing as that the transcontinental road, which was to be built under government patronage to some extent, would start westward from any other point than St. Joseph, not only for the reason that the route would be more direct, the topographical difficulties more easy to overcome, and the point of starting the most important on the Missouri river, but for the reason that at no other point on the river was there the terminus of an eastern railroad connection. Unfortunately, however, just at the time when congress had under consideration the bills to subsidize roads to the Pacific coast, political excitement consequent upon the war raged fiercely throughout the country, and especially in both branches of the National legislature. St. Joseph being situated in a slave-holding state was represented by persons who championed the claims of rival towns as a disloyal city, and in the senate debate this was made an issue, and extravagant charges were made on the floor of that body to that effect. The escapade of a party of harum-scarum





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youths, which took place in the early days of the rebellion, and resulted in a Federal flag being removed from the post-office building, was represented as a formidable Confederate movement, though 'twas nothing more nor less than a "spree," which lasted but a few hours.

The pivotal point in the debate as to whether one of the subsidized roads should start from St. Joseph was decided by a speech from the famous Senator James H. Lane of Kansas, who, just after Senator Sumner of Massachusetts had signified his preference for St. Joseph, arose and thundered forth, in his tragical way, "What! will you give this magnificent highway, which is to be built with public lands and public moneys, to rebel St. Joseph, when loyal cities are asking for it? If you do, judging from what has already happened, it will not be long before you will be sending to these loyal cities for soldiers to protect the National flag in the city you are about to favor." He then went on to repeat the trumped up story, founded on the "spree" of the boys, and Mr. Sumner catching, as if by contagion, Senator Lane's loyal indignation, voted against his own bill, and the Union Pacific was given to Omaha.

Since that, however, arising above all political embarrassments, strong in her position as a natural distributing point, and the energy and enterprise of her people, St. Joseph is to-day the centre of a system of sixteen lines of railroad; a city of beautiful homes, magnificent public buildings, great mercantile and manufacturing establishments, with a far-reaching commerce, and on her throne of hills she sits, the queen of the Missouri valley.

#### COLONEL ALBE M. SAXTON.

The men who pioneered the Missouri valley builded better than they knew, and it required more pluck and patience than the work of opening to settlement almost any other portion of the far west. There was no great rush as to gold fields, not even colonies in which crowds bore company and the solaces of friendship. In the settlement of what is now known as the "Platte Purchase," men came single handed to spy out the land, and left every trace of civilization far behind them with a great wilderness intervening.

Among the first to halt among the Blacksnake hills on the banks of the turbid Missouri, was young Albe M. Saxton. His parents had been settlers in the Connecticut Western Reserve of Ohio during the War of 1812, and at Ridgeville, Lorain county, in 1813. His father, James Saxton, with his wife and two older children, came by wagon from the Green mountains of old Vermont and built the regulation log-cabin of the times; and the mother, Mrs. Rosetta Saxton, who is now living within three miles of St. Joseph, still blessed with good health and unimpaired faculties, in her ninety-sixth year, yet takes delight in the indulgence of reminiscences of those early and trying days. Lately, in conversation with this writer, she laughingly told how, in the journey from Vermont to Ohio, with her husband, they purchased on the way, at Albany, a box of 7x9 window-glass, and when they afterwards used it in the windows of their log-house on the Western Reserve, the fact created among the other settlers feelings of envy and a disposition

to remarks concerning the "airs" they were assuming.

In that "aristocratic" log-house, February 12, 1821, was born the subject of this sketch, the seventh of eleven children. Having received the education to be acquired at the neighboring district school, and some further tutelage at a private academy in Cleveland, young Saxton, at twenty years of age, in 1841, left home, and during that year arrived in St. Louis, then the starting point for all the boundless west. In the meantime his father and family had removed to Racine county, Wisconsin. Not finding employment otherwise, he began with his small capital of fifty-six dollars, trading in country produce, and was so successful as to lay the foundation of an ample fortune.

About the time young Saxton was leaving the academy in Cleveland, which, by the way, was kept by A. N. and J. W. Gray, an incident occurred which not only showed a certain bent of Saxton's mind, but which had much to do with his future fortune. He has always had a tendency to write satirical verse calculated to ridicule the snobbish pretensions of society, but has generally resisted the temptation. At the time referred to, however, in 1840, there had come to Cleveland, and sprung up there, a set of young men who in these days would be called "dudes," but dubbed themselves "the nobility." This association was in the habit of holding meetings which they advertised in this way: "The nobility will meet at the Star Chamber this evening to transact important business, by order of the great K. G." The members gave themselves and the ladies whom they affected titles of no-

bility, and arranged in their meetings for their social gatherings at the American house, then *the* hotel, to the exclusion of the plebians, who held their parties at the Franklin house. Thus quite a spirit had been aroused between the old timers and the new-comers and their adherents. They were given to much ostentation and unnecessary "style," and were the butt of more sensible people. One of the nobility lost his pet dog by death, an Irishman having killed it with a club on account of some nefarious incursion. Saxton wrote a satirical *brochure* in verse on the subject, which was entitled "The Last Night of the Star Chamber." He pictured "the nobility" holding a meeting in which indignation over the death of their canine friend was depicted, while at the same time they condoled with the chief mourner and indulged in eulogies and panegyrics upon the deceased. The pamphlet made such a hit that it "sold like hot cakes," and in a few days Saxton realized one hundred and fifty dollars from the sale, which had been placed in the hands of others. The star chamber never met again, and the author of the satire remained unknown. With this money Saxton purchased the fruit of an orchard near Cleveland and shipped it on board the brig *Rocky Mountain* to Milwaukee, accompanying the cargo. The vessel barely missed shipwreck, being dismasted in an equinoctial storm. They, however, put into Grand Traverse and rigged temporary masts and made their way safely into the port of their destination. The people of Milwaukee were hungry for fruit, and the cargo quickly sold at large prices. He realized from the speculation one thousand

five hundred dollars. This he invested in Wisconsin land and went to St. Louis, where he used the cash he had left, fifty-six dollars, as mentioned above.

During the summer of 1842 Saxton was a clerk on a steamboat which traded up the Illinois river, and during this time embraced every advantage afforded for acquiring business information and the attainment of any useful knowledge, having in the winter previous attended the night sessions of a commercial college in St. Louis, from which he attained the distinction of a diploma.

Coming of pioneer parents, and inheriting the spirit of adventure which conquers the wilderness, it was natural that young Saxton should desire to push out to where the western star of empire beckoned, and thus it was natural enough that he and another young man, Elias H. Perry, should start as they did, up the Missouri with a stock of goods which formed part of the freight of a little side-wheel steamboat which was named the *John Golong*. It was a ten days' trip, with considerable "sparring" over sand-bars, to their destination, Robidoux' landing, or Black-snake hills, where they debarked and unloaded their goods, and on the first day of May, 1843, opened the first store to trade with the whites that was started in what is now the superb city of St. Joseph. This part of Missouri, comprising six counties, had been an Indian reservation and was placed by the government under control of Missouri laws and became part of the state twenty years after Missouri's admission to the Union, and was called "the Platte Purchase."

At that time there were only three

houses at the point mentioned and they belonged to Joseph Robidoux, an Indian trader, who was the first settler. When young Saxton and his partner arrived at Robidoux, it was a year previous to the opening of the country under the United States Land Office laws for the entry of claims. Robidoux, who owned the pre-emption rights at the landing, would not allow the erection of houses by others on his claim; they therefore rented a room in one of Robidoux' log-houses, a compartment about twenty by thirty feet square, and began business. Taking no time for vain regrets, Saxton began the process of "growing up with the country," and both have grown well together. The region in which he settled is now the garden spot of the Missouri valley, and Albe M. Saxton is many times a millionaire.

The store proved a success, as has everything Colonel Saxton has touched. There being no place for these young frontier merchants to board, they cooked their food, which was a monotonous round of corn-bread and bacon, in an open fireplace at the back of their store, and frequently arose from the box which formed their table to wait on customers from among the settlers of the surrounding country.

Later on, in the year 1843, young Saxton preëmpted one hundred and sixty acres of land about one mile east of Robidoux, near where the Missouri State Lunatic Asylum No. 2 now stands, and built upon it a log-cabin. In due time he paid the government fees which amounted to two hundred dollars for the entire tract, and lately some of that same ground, known as "Saxton Hights," was

sold by him for one thousand dollars per acre. The city of St. Joseph now has asphalt streets reaching near to it, railways run through it, and a cable line now in course of construction will shortly reach it, and near by are dwellings which have been erected at cost varying from five hundred dollars to one hundred thousand dollars.

With pleasant recollection and much good humor, Colonel Saxton tells how he made that log-cabin his home in order to comply with the preëmption laws. His furniture was such as he has not cared to keep, the bedstead being a "punch-eon" held up by wooden pegs which were driven into augur holes bored in the logs, near one corner of the room, and on which the puncheon—a rude hewn plank—was laid. A straw "tick" and some blankets completed that outfit. The seats were three-legged stools, and the table was an ordinary "store-box." The roof was of "shakes" with a hole for the smoke to escape, and cracks between the logs not being well chinked, it became an open question with a burly fellow known as "Bully" Smith, who coveted the land, whether or not the house was sufficiently snug to answer the requirements of the land laws as affected by preëmption. Moreover, Smith argued that the alleged proprietor didn't "stay thar long enough at a time, nohow. Besides he was a store-keeper, and how could he live in town and be a farmer too?"

The upshot of this was that Smith concluded to "jump" Saxton's claim, in the temporary absence of the proprietor. "The value of the material in that house," says Colonel Saxton, "was at least

twenty dollars. The logs, which were the principal expense, had been hauled several miles, but Smith ruthlessly razed my residence from dome to basement, and from the *debris* built a house of his own near a spring on the land. Smith sent word to the former owner of those logs, that if the said former owner came fooling around there he would get some lead in him, and 'Bully' Smith was just the sort of man to do that sort of a thing, so the former owner concluded to adopt the idea that 'prudence is the better part of valor,' and he let Mr. Smith severely alone during the following winter."

Colonel Saxton, speaking of this matter and the fact that the people of the Platte purchase have been called "border ruffians," says that he has never in his life carried a larger weapon than a pen-knife. He has never felt called upon to carry any other protection than good-nature, reason, tact and a just cause.

The matter of the claim was taken to the adjudication of the land office, however, and Smith was ousted according to law. Saxton afterward made friends with Smith and gave him money enough to enter another, though less valuable claim, on shares, and Saxton also made the same arrangement with one Dr. Hays on another claim.

"These facts," Colonel Saxton says, "will never injure the feelings of either by their recital in print, for both are dead, and even were they alive they couldn't read it. Some of the early doctors of those days never bothered themselves about learning to read, and they were not required, in those early times, in the backwoods, to have diplomas. They

acquired their science in surgery and physic by practicing first. That is to say, they learned by experimenting on their first patients. Luckily, this has always been a healthy country, and the services of physicians at that time were not often required."

In 1848 Colonel Saxton formed a partnership with Robert W. Donnell, now a New York banker, and with him continued merchandising. This partnership lasted until 1858, at which time the business of the firm had grown from a retail trade to a large wholesale and jobbing business, the most extensive at that time in St. Joseph, having grown with the growth of the settlement which was then an incorporated city.

In 1858 Saxton and Donnell closed their mercantile business, and a branch of the Bank of the State of Missouri having been established at St. Joseph, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, Colonel Saxton was appointed cashier. This institution was merged into a National bank in 1865, under the name of the State National bank, Colonel Saxton retaining the position of cashier. In 1870 the affairs of the State National were closed up voluntarily and profitably, and the State Savings bank was organized, with Colonel Saxton as president. This position he held until 1881, after which the Saxton National bank was established, of which he is now president, in the most magnificent bank building in the city, of which he is the owner.

Besides his connection with banking and mercantile concerns, Colonel Saxton has been connected with many public enterprises. In partnership with T. D. Hast-

ings he built about eighty miles of the St. Louis & St. Joseph railroad and two hundred and thirty-nine of the St. Joseph & Denver road. In company with Milton Tootle and others, in 1853, he built and launched on the Missouri river two steamboats, the *Silver Heels* and *Omaha*. He has never been an aspirant for public office, and never held one except that of treasurer of the Missouri State Lunatic Asylum No. 2, to which he was appointed in 1874, when the building was being erected, and held that office for eleven years, when he resigned. In 1878 a military company was organized in St. Joseph, which body was called the "Saxton Rifles," and that has been his only military association though he is universally called "Colonel," a title which was often applied to men of prominence in the west as a distinguishing mark of popularity.

Colonel Saxton's residence is near Saxton station, five miles from St. Joseph, near the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad, where he has erected a handsome mansion and owns a large body of excellent land, which he delights in improving and beautifying, and until recently has made daily trips from his business in the city, by carriage or on horseback, to his country home. He also has a handsome city residence in which, latterly, he spends much of his leisure.

His business career has been a remarkably successful one, and in it he has confined himself to regular transactions, never having been tempted by the spirit of speculation. While liberal and generous and ever open-handed in matters of large charity, he has always been safe

and cautious in his business methods. He is remarkably popular with all classes, and yet remarkably modest. Though now in his sixty-seventh year, Colonel Saxton is in rugged health, active and light-hearted, full of bright good humor and delightfully companionable. He is utterly unostentatious, being thoroughly a western man, and seems to delight in doing a kind act.

When approached by this writer for the obtainance of facts in his career, he pointed out where they might be found, and added:

I have always been so much occupied with my common affairs that I have scarcely taken time to get sick or to count the years that have passed. I know I have not been ambitious to get wealthy, but to succeed. My greatest pleasure has been, and is, to use my property as a means, as I go along, to aid the deserving ones whom I love, like a judicious trustee. It would cause me mortification to have it thought that I have any desire to make a display that would create an envious feeling in any one. I want to do what is prudent in order to be able to be useful, and to leave the world, by example in diligence and good acts—with all my bad mistakes—better than I found it. You ask me to give you the incidents of my life, because it is a part of the history of this city. Well, what of it? It is like a tale twice told. The city will show for itself, and my part of the work is in sight. You say that folks like to hear about self-made men—as you are so kind as to call me. An eminent humorist, celebrated for bad grammar and worse spelling, to clothe wise sayings—Josh Billings—has observed that he liked self-made men, but when they come to talk of themselves they generally show too much pride in the job.

To put my picture in a book with other friends is well enough, that those who regard me may see how I looked, after I am dead and gone, but I fear that a sketch of my life may not be interesting to others since I have done nothing startling. The only political office I ever held was that of road overseer in my district, and that doesn't look much as if I ever even aspired to honors and fame. Does it? In the language of the poet, Harvey Rice of Cleveland, "I have never dabbled in the turbid pool of politics."

Colonel Saxton was married twenty-five years, and his wife died in 1882. He has no living children. His oldest brother, ten years his senior, celebrated his golden wedding two years ago, with his ten children around him, and Colonel Saxton knows that he can never have one. This brother was an early settler in Ohio, and now with wife and children is a pioneer in Kansas.

"A happy state to have in its young years,  
Such stalwart offspring for its pioneers."

Liberal, public-spirited, happy, popular, earnest, diligent, and blessed with a character for the strictest integrity, Albe M. Saxton is a grand citizen of a glorious young city, which he has watched as it grew from a sparse settlement on what was then the far distant frontier, and he has seen the wilderness bloom as a garden. And he has done more than his share to make the garden and build the city, as many stately edifices on various streets, and his splendid farm near by, will amply show. Thousands who know and honor him will be glad to see him live through all the fruitage of a ripe old age, with all the blessings that peace and prosperity can bring him.

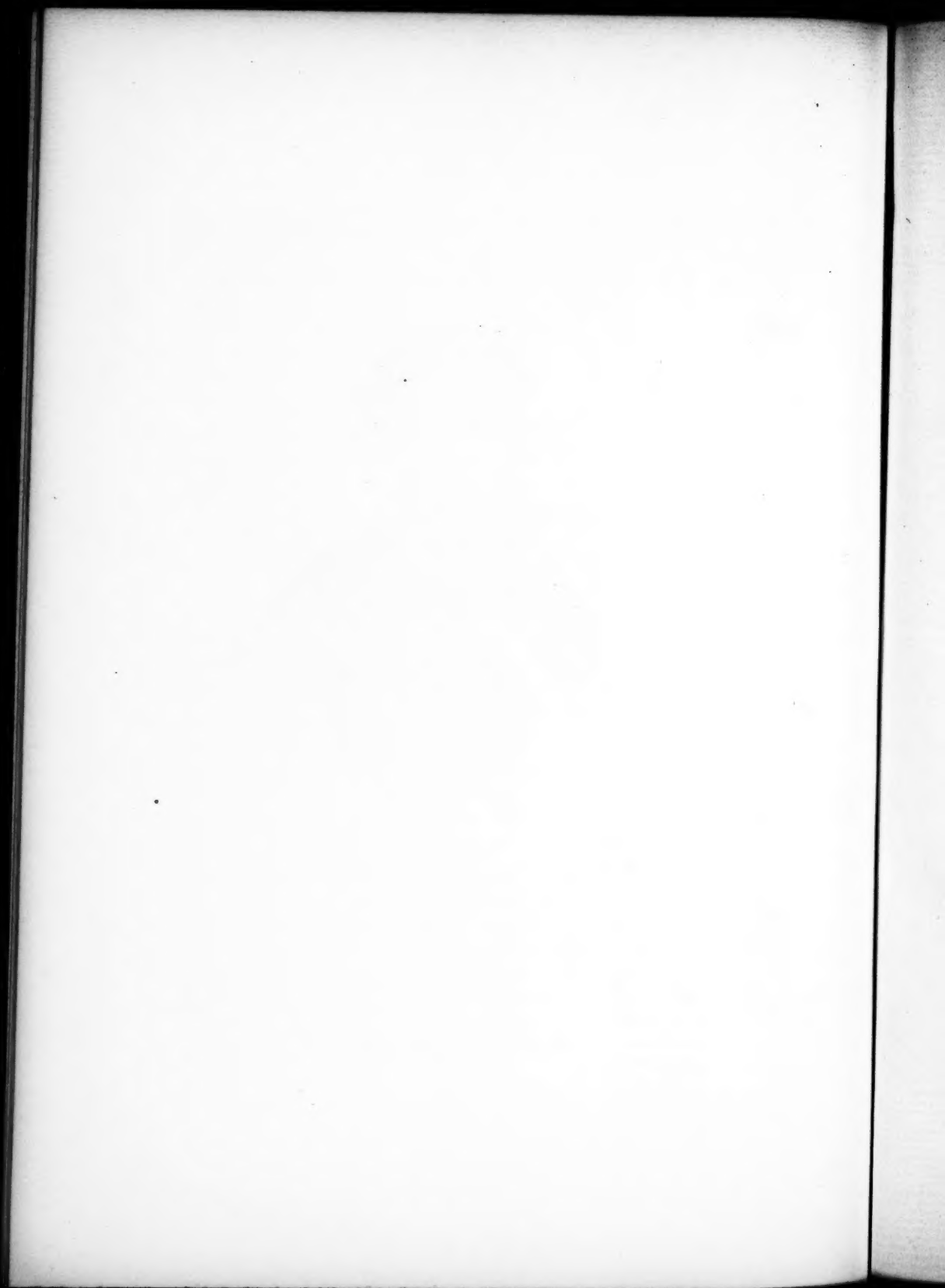
MAJOR F. W. SMITH.

The city of St. Joseph, Missouri, received its name and was surveyed, platted and mapped by Major Frederick William Smith. This pioneer of the Missouri valley was born October 3, 1815, at Trier, in Rhine Province, Prussia. His special education in the schools of his native city was that of a civil engineer. With his parents and brothers and sisters he came to America in 1833, landing in New York,



*Master of Western History*

*J. W. Smith*



but the family, soon after, located in Philadelphia. A few months later Frederick started out to make his own fortune, and went direct to New Orleans, making what was then considered a very long trip. After living several years in the south, young Smith went to St. Louis. There he secured employment in his profession and made surveys and maps of that city. He also located and surveyed the site of the old cathedral, now in the heart of the business center of that city. While located in St. Louis the nuns of Kaskaskia, Illinois, sent for him to plan a new convent for them, which the gallant young Catholic did to their entire satisfaction. In addition to a liberal remuneration for these services and the hearty thanks of the good nuns, he obtained what was not bargained for, an exceedingly tenacious case of swamp fever. He was very ill with this for a time, but with returning health he sought "green fields and pastures new," and started, per steamboat, for the Upper Missouri country. Seized again with illness on the way, he was left at Liberty Landing, near where is now Kansas City, where eventually he recovered entirely, but bereft of every cent of money. He had a dauntless spirit, however, and pushed on up the river, making his final stop at Blacksnake Hills, where he arrived in 1837. This was almost six years before the town was laid off. The settlement had a post-office, however, and Smith obtained the appointment as postmaster. The duties were not onerous, an occasional hatful of letters brought by passing steamboats being his only responsibility.

Looking at St. Joseph now, with its grand buildings, miles of paved streets,

luxurious homes and modern comforts, one is very apt to forget that less than fifty years ago this was, to use a worn expression, "a howling wilderness," and that life in those days was one continual struggle. Indians, always unpleasant neighbors, were constant visitors, frightening women and children, begging and stealing and keeping the settlement in constant dread. Food was scarce and of the plainest kind. Corn bread, hominy, potatoes and pork, with plenty of game, were all that was to be had. Sugar, flour, coffee and the like were beyond the reach of the scanty purses of the early settlers. Calico, even, was too valuable to be used except for weddings and great occasions.

The pioneers of those days required the same qualities of bravery, endurance and tenacity as did those of the early settlements of Ohio and Illinois. It took men of daring and indomitable will and many other strong traits of character to accomplish the settlement of the Platte Purchase. Fever and ague, the inevitable visitant, after weeks of pain and wearying illness, left one weak, despondent and homesick. Many left on the first opportunity, but some remained. The ordeal, though trying, did not conquer their purpose, but in the face of privations and hardships innumerable, they continued to improve their farms and to build up the country. Of the noble band but few remain. Nearly all have gone to their reward, and of the number none did more for the upbuilding of St. Joseph or deserve warmer memories than Major Fred Smith. Though hardships were every day attendant, the settlers did not lack for sport and recreation. Hunting and fishing made

part of their business, and it helped to fill an always meager larder. Dances were given often, and the whole neighborhood would attend. Fifteen to twenty-five miles were none too far, and the happy bachelor, or more favored benedict, would hitch up and drive, or more commonly ride horseback, through rain or shine, to attend. I have often heard Major Smith telling of his experience at "gumbo balls." He said his first invitation to one was obtained by *finesse*. It seems that the good Blacksnakers stood somewhat in awe of the government official, so when the "invites" were passed around, none were handed to Postmaster Smith. He fully appreciated the situation and thought, as he did not wish to sit alone in his bachelor cabin, the time had come to show that he was not proud—(proud was a very opprobrious epithet in those days of sylvan simplicity). The postmaster sat in his study alone until he thought the fiddles would be scraping their liveliest heel and toe, and then he sallied forth. He had donned his blanket coat, pulled his cap over his ears and slung his gun over his shoulder. Thus equipped he mounted his horse and started for the ball-room. He did not make directly toward it, but made a *detour* around, as if he had been out on a hunt. As he expected, half a dozen stood at the door, and he was greeted with "Hello! who's that? Been out hunting? Oh, it's you, is it, Smith? We're having a ball, won't you come in?" "Indeed, I'd like to," returned the postmaster, affecting bashfulness, "but I'm not dressed to see ladies." "Oh, if that's all, come in, we're not strict about sitch." After a little more bashful holding back

he went in, and ever after he had the first invitation. He played the flute exceedingly well, and as music was not only primitive but scarce, his accomplishment brought him many invitations and served to make pleasant many a long evening.

Moot courts were also a standing diversion. The simple victim was arraigned before a jury of his peers to answer for some trivial act, as being contrary to the code of frontier ethics. The assumed seriousness, the enforced decorum and lengthy charges and arguments served to enliven the tedious monotony of life, and for days or even longer it would make fun for the court, though of grievous alarm to the poor victim.

The major had an original ghost story that may be of interest. He had been spending the evening with Mr. Robidoux and his friends at "Uncle Joe's" house, near Prospect hill. While discussing things past, present and to come, and arguing about the name of the prospective town, the hours sped by until it was later than he intended to be away from home. His domicile was where the St. Joseph brewery now stands, and the road lay over the present site of the courthouse, then an Indian graveyard. Whistling or saying a *paternoster* to keep up his courage as he went past the scaffolding whereon the red men lay their dead, he got on very well until he saw, in the dim star-light, a figure like a man, just before him. As he looked it disappeared. He proceeded; again it appeared, and at the sound of his voice vanished. Trembling in every joint and with cold drops of perspiration oozing at every pore, he paused to reflect. If he went forward it

would surely catch him, either in the graveyard or in the field south of it. If he turned his back—horrors! it might fly onto his shoulders and drive him to death like a Walpurgis goblin. He thought he'd better go on. He advanced a few steps when the phantom again stood before him and again at the sound of his voice seemed to sink into the earth. "It does not mean any harm," he reasoned, and began to muster up courage. "Perhaps if I get close and ask what it wants, it may unburden its conscience and get rest." It was not long till he saw the apparition unevenly moving in advance of him, and he peremptorily ordered it to stop. It did so, directly under one of the Indian biers. As he came up, a timid and deprecating voice asked, "Is that you, Smith?" It was Sanganette, a tipsy Frenchman with whom Smith had disagreed an hour before. The poor sinner was so drunk that he had missed his way and wandered into the graveyard. When he saw the major coming he was not so befuddled as not to recognize him, and forget the thrashing our friend had promised him. So every time Smith drew nigh he either hid behind something or dropped down and rolled out of the way.

Major Smith was married February 1, 1843, to Miss Jane Tolin, a young lady of Daviess county, who was then visiting her relative, Squire Samuel C. Hall. The fruits of that marriage were five sons and two daughters, of whom only two, Dr. Frank Smith and Mrs. J. A. Duncan, survive. Three died in youth and two in promising manhood. Frederick W., jr., the eldest child, and first male born in the city, on January 2, 1844, was one

of the brightest and handsomest boys that ever a mother clasped in her arms, but his course was soon run. An unfortunate accident terminated his life while he was yet in his twenties. Gus, the third child, died at the age of thirty, February 25, 1887. He was his mother's joy, and a good, whole-souled and genial son.

Soon after his marriage, Major Smith made a survey and map of the prospective town for Mr. Robidoux, suggesting as a very appropriate name, St. Joseph, as it would be after its founder and, also, as a good Catholic, would honor the name of his patron saint.

Uncle Joe listened, but other admirers insisted on Robidoux as the name and made a map which Mr. Robidoux took to St. Louis to have lithographed. The lithographers felt constrained to make it clear that the founder knew more about business than map-drawing, so Robidoux wrote his friend, Smith, to send his map. Smith complied and St. Joseph had an existence—at least on paper. Before this, Major Smith had preëmpted a quarter section of land lying immediately east of Robidoux' claim, and he obtained a patent for it in 1846. This, years afterwards, was platted and sold, and was known as "Smith's Addition," now the very heart of the city. Through this tract ran a stream which was called Smith's Branch, and that is now the course of a great sewer, there being no external traces of the stream. At this day it is somewhat strange to remember that this ground was a great place for hunting wolves—the gray wolf and the coyote being very numerous and exceedingly annoying to the pioneers.

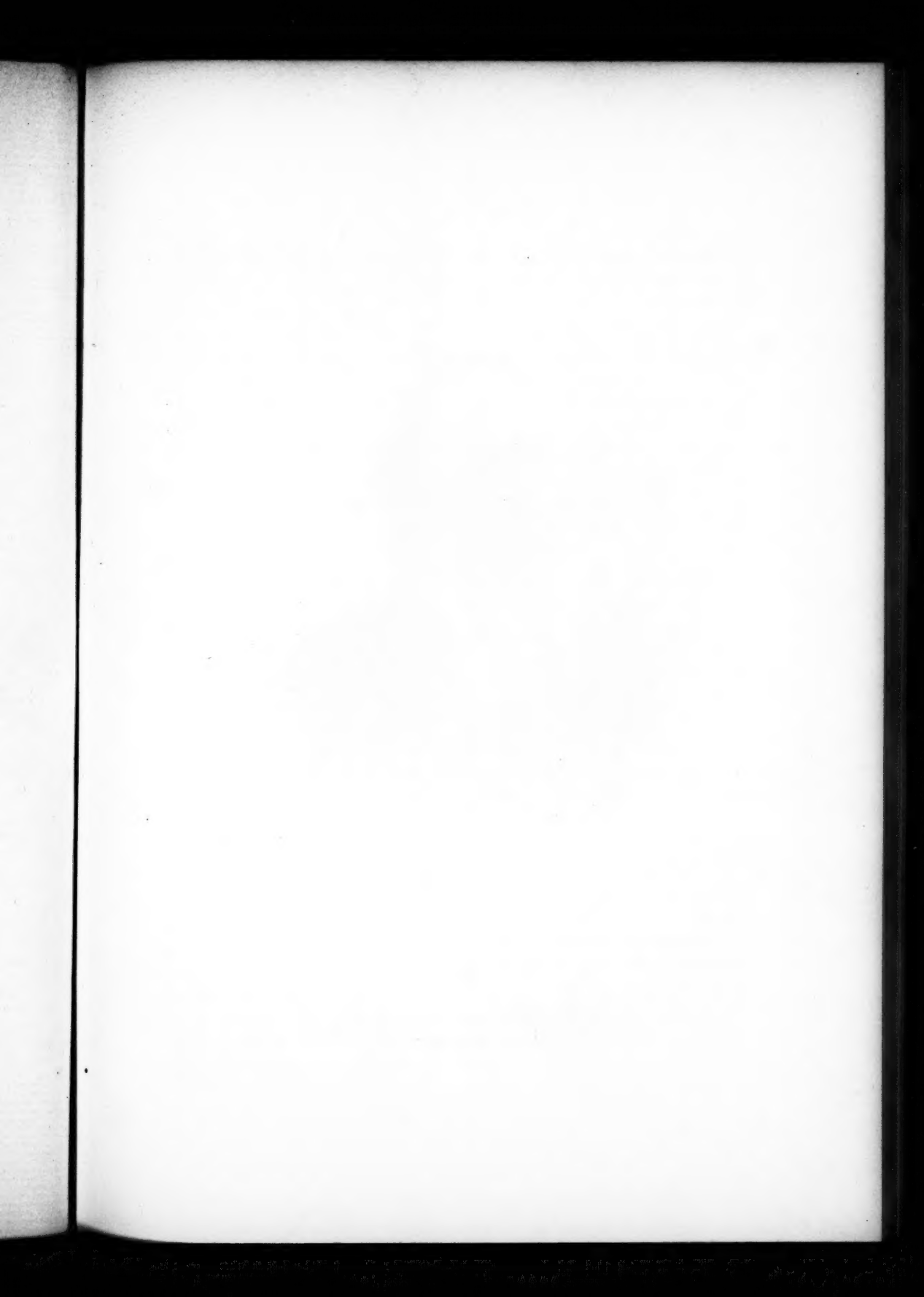
Major Smith was a lieutenant of the "Robidoux Grays," the first military company St. Joseph had. He was afterwards captain of a company of militia and then major of a battalion, thus obtaining the title by which his acquaintances addressed him. Previous to 1861 Major Smith served several terms as a city councilman, and in that year was elected mayor. In 1873 he was elected to the important and responsible office of associate justice of the county court. In every office which he held, his record for uprightness, justice and integrity challenged the admiration of every citizen, and stands to-day an example for all his successors.

Major Smith's business career was one of intimate connection with the growth of the city. Here at its birth, and standing sponsor in its baptism, he labored unceasingly through all its young years, with heart, soul and strength for the city's prosperity, and never, for one moment, during all that time, gave up a firm belief that it was destined to be the greatest city of the Missouri valley. It was his pleasure and satisfaction to witness the laying of stone and brick that shaped the chaste and beautiful architecture of superb St. Joseph, and to watch its daily progress from the hour in which he began to survey and plat the town nearly half a century ago.

Major Smith was anxiously interested in every venture of a public or general character that tended to aid in building up the city. He took stock in all of the city's early banks; paid subscriptions to the Hannibal & St. Joseph, her first railroad; was interested in the first iron foundry in St. Joseph and west of St. Louis, after-

ward known as the Burnside foundry; was one of the few who worked diligently and finally succeeded in locating in St. Joseph the convent of the Sacred Heart, which from a small beginning now looks down from an exalted position among St. Joseph's hills and from an imposing structure. He contributed largely to the Christian Brothers' college, an excellent institution of learning in St. Joseph, and, in short, there was not, at the time of his death, a school or public enterprise in the city which had not received aid at his hands. He owned the first hall in the city, and it was long used for theatrical purposes in the fifties. He was engaged in building a large and modern theatre on Fourth street in 1861, but owing to the business demoralization caused by the war, it was abandoned and sold, and is now used as a church building.

An old proverb says the charm of a man is his kindness. Major Smith had that charm to its fullest extent—kind to his family, friends and every one. He was never known to bear malice or seek revenge. Though greatly wronged at times, and deceived by pretended friends, he always bore it patiently, and forgave and forgot. The poorest individual had the same access to him as the richest. His heart was warm toward all mankind. He was charitable at all times and to every claimant. He did not stop to question if it were policy or a good object, but gave at once, believing that it was better to give to nine unworthy ones rather than deny one that might be worthy. To a person asking his counsel or aid he could not say nay, and many of his financial troubles came of this unbounded generosity. To





Ad. Schuster

his family he was ever kind. He lived plainly but homelike; nothing was stinted, but the best of everything was at the disposal of his family. He loved home dearly and seldom left the city. Occasional trips with his family to St. Louis, the east and once to Europe were made; but they were short, and he always returned with delight. He would romp and play with his children, and in later life was wrapped up in the pleasures of his grandchildren. He never came from town without bringing them some remembrance, a toy, fruit, cake, or novelty. On leaving his office all business care was thrown away, and he came home cheerful and enjoyed his rest. No matter what troubles he had in business, he never brought them home; that was his haven of rest and enjoyment. Plain in his own dress and manner, he wished his family to have the best. He retired early and was an early riser. Being fond of horses, he always kept a good team, but used them sparingly himself.

He gave his children the best education the state afforded, sending them to the most excellent St. Louis schools and never questioned the cost. He deeded them property and allowed them to manage their own means, never once questioning their expenditures.

In his demise, May 7, 1883, his family lost its mainstay and dependence, a loving father and affectionate husband and counselor, consoled only in the thought that he died in the full faith of a blessed immortality and after receiving the last sad rites of the Catholic church. The older citizens will ever think of him kindly and with deep regret, for he was

associated with them in many ways, in enterprises of a business nature and socially. During the span of an average life they become a part of St. Joseph, so closely are their lives and its history interwoven.

In the sixty-eight years of his pilgrimage here below, Major Smith lived as nearly a blameless life as is possible for men. Of quiet and steady habits, filled with sparkling good humor, charitable to a fault, like "Abou Ben Adhem," he loved his fellow-men and delighted to see their tribes increase. His friends were nearly all those who knew him, and his life was well rounded up to begin auspiciously the life in the Great Beyond. When St. Joseph shall erect statues to commemorate the virtues of those whom she loved the best, and to whom she owes the most, amid the marble array will stand a white figure, upon the face of which will be graven the lineaments, and on its base the name, of Frederick William Smith.

#### COLONEL A. N. SCHUSTER.

One of St. Joseph's (Missouri) best and most successful citizens is Colonel A. N. Schuster, born in Rheinisch, Prussia, and educated in the schools of his native land. He came to America in 1857, when he was just twenty years of age, and proceeded at once to Savannah, Missouri, the county-seat of Andrew, about fourteen miles from St. Joseph. There he entered the employment of his uncle, August Schuster, a thrifty merchant, and at once applied himself to the work of acquiring our language during his leisure. His diligence, unremitting perseverance and clear-headedness, traits which have been apparent in all his

career, quickly made him proficient in English, and he speaks it without the slightest apparent accent.

In those early days at Savannah there were no theatrical amusements, nor any public places of recreation to which young men of exemplary habits could go, so one of their chief amusements was the holding of a moot legislature in which the questions of the day were discussed, and, as it was during the war and the members differed in politics, the questions were serious ones, and were discussed with much warmth at times. In these days young Schuster was called a black Republican on account of his pronounced Union sentiments, and was known as "the senator from St. Louis"—that district being strongly Republican—and the debates of the body assisted him very much in the study of the English language.

His business success was immediate, and he had advanced so far toward a competency by May 1, 1862, that on that day he felt sufficiently justified in taking the first steps toward the care of a family, and was married to Miss Lucretia Price, the accomplished daughter of W. A. Price, a man of prominence in the state and a representative business man of Savannah, and to this twain were born three daughters, Luada, Florence and Edna. Luada is now Mrs. J. W. Hingston, Florence is Mrs. F. B. Hooper, and the husbands of these accomplished young ladies are—the first a member and the second connected with the firm of Schuster, Hingston & Co. Both are excellent business men, handsome, genial and popular. Little Edna died on the sixteenth of March, 1884.

In 1865 Mr. Schuster removed to St.

Joseph and took charge of the United States revenue collector's office for the district, which now includes two congressional districts, as deputy collector, his father-in-law being the collector. Carefully and with credit to himself he performed the functions of this office for about a year, when he began merchandising on his own account in St. Joseph. For the six years following he was engaged actively and enterprisingly in his retail mercantile pursuits, and carried on, beside his St. Joseph business, mercantile establishments in three other towns, and at the end of that time went into the wholesale trade.

Notwithstanding his immense and exacting business demands, Colonel Schuster was appointed, in 1869, collector of internal revenue, to succeed General James Craig, and successfully and satisfactorily conducted the business of that office for a district embracing twenty-five counties, until in 1871. In 1872 he was the member for his district of the famous electoral college which discussed so strongly the matter of enfranchising the ex-Confederate element, and warmly and zealously advocated enfranchisement although he was and always has been an intense Republican, politically, and has since had the satisfaction of seeing his views, which were warmly antagonized by some of his colleagues at that time, fully indorsed.

Colonel Schuster has always been a public-spirited man, ready, willing and anxious with his services and means to advance the interests of St. Joseph, and is full of enthusiastic patriotism. Any enterprise calculated to improve St. Joseph or the region thereabout, socially or commer-

cially, has had his help when needed, and he was one of eight men who from their private means built and equipped the St. Joseph & Des Moines railroad, then a narrow gauge, but since broadened to a standard gauge in the hands of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company.

Colonel Schuster is yet a strong man and active in his business. He manages the immense establishment of Schuster, Hingston & Co., a wholesale clothing and furnishing goods house, and gives much attention to the private banking establishment of Schuster, Hax & Co., of which he is president. He is also president of several banks in Kansas.

In an interview with Rev. Dr. R. S. Campbell, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church of St. Joseph, the church to which Colonel Schuster belongs, the writer hereof learned much of Colonel Schuster's inner life, which is little known by that gentleman's most intimate friends, and it is all so much to his credit. But so modest a man as he is could not be brought to any talk on that subject. Dr. Campbell says:

For many years Colonel Schuster was one of the deacons of this church and is now an elder. He takes a deep and earnest interest in religious and philanthropic work and is exceedingly liberal with his means in forwarding these matters and always unostentatiously. Frequently, on rough, rainy and bitterly cold nights, I have found him the only male member of the church at prayer meetings, and aside from his effective work for the general good of the church, I have discovered in him a kind hearted and sympathetic nature that never fails. When there have been funerals of poor, humble and comparatively unknown members of the church, he has, whenever possible, been in attendance and has followed in his carriage the hearse to the burying ground, and in every way he has shown himself to

me to be a devout, sincere and untiring Christian gentleman.

The Young Men's Christian Association building of St. Joseph is one of the handsomest structures of its kind in the country, beautiful in architecture and imposing in dimensions. It contains, besides the stores which occupy the ground floor, the rental of which serves to assist in the maintenance of the institution, a splendid library and school, a gymnasium with all the modern appliances and accessories, and a spacious and elegant lecture hall, capable of seating nearly a thousand persons, with all the adjuncts and conveniences necessary to such an institution. This superb building was erected with Colonel Schuster as the master spirit. He furnished many thousands of dollars from his own fortune toward the construction of the building, was unceasing in his efforts among his fellow capitalists in securing further large donations, has never halted in the good work, and is now the president of the association in this city.

In the work of advancing the Young Men's Christian association in St. Joseph and erecting the building, Colonel Schuster had zealous co-laborers in Messrs. George T. Hoagland, Milton Tootle and other St. Joseph capitalists, and he is far more inclined to talk of what they did in the matter than of his own most valuable services and donations.

Among all his fellow-citizens, Colonel A. N. Schuster is admired and beloved for the purity of his character, his exemplary life and generous disposition. He is universally regarded as a model man, and his example has wrought well upon the society, and especially among

the young people of the city which is proud to be his home. His hundreds of good deeds among the deserving poor have filled many hearts with deepest gratitude toward him, and the prayers of the widows and orphans who have been generously helped from his bountiful store have thousands of times been for blessings on his head. One seeing to-day the grave and thoughtful man, careful and systematic in everything he does, gentle and quiet in all things, would not suspect that in his younger days, in the region where he now lives, in times of war, when dangers often beset him, he was a lion in the defense of his rights and the principles which he espoused. But like all good men, Colonel Schuster is brave physically as well as morally, and hundreds of thrilling incidents of his life in the troublous times mentioned could be told of him if he would allow, but concerning these he says: "I would rather not. Let bygones be bygones."

GEORGE T. HOAGLAND.

A venerable and highly esteemed citizen of St. Joseph is Mr. George T. Hoagland, who has been a potent factor in the enterprises which have made this so fair a city. Only the kindest and warmest words of commendation are used when he is mentioned by those who know him, and in his presence the veriest stranger is won by his gentle and genial manner. His father, Cornelius H. Hoagland, had been many years a resident in the state of New Jersey when George T. was born, February 7, 1814, at Elizabeth. The father died in 1832, and the

mother, whose maiden name was Catherine Brown, died in 1880.

George T. Hoagland spent his youth in Elizabeth, and in June, 1832, when he was eighteen years old, made a public profession of religion and joined the Presbyterian church. He has been a devout Christian ever since, but has been for many years a member of the Methodist church, and has at times occupied the pulpit, and has always been a zealous worker in religious affairs.

In his early manhood, and, in fact, before he had gotten beyond his teens, Mr. Hoagland applied himself to the work of acquiring the art of the carpenter, and in 1837 started with a companion for the then far west, for the purpose of spying out a place to locate. Arriving at Cincinnati, after a travel through Pennsylvania for the most part by canal, he found some relations whom he visited and then pushed on, going to St. Louis by steamboat. His companion concluding that Cincinnati was far enough west, decided to go no further. Finding that the water was too low to proceed by steamboat up the Missouri at that time, Mr. Hoagland took passage on a steamer bound down the Mississippi. On the vessel he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was arranging to start the first bank at Somerville, Tennessee, about forty miles from Memphis. He occupied the same state-room with the banker, who had been to St. Louis for the purpose of obtaining specie for use in his new bank. This specie was contained in a number of boxes which were piled up under the berths in the



*Magazine of Western History*

*Geo Hoagland*



state-room. The banker took a decided fancy to the young carpenter and persuaded him to go to Somerville. Arriving at Memphis, the specie was loaded into two wagons and one of the teams was placed in charge of Hoagland. They journeyed that day nearly half way to Somerville, and put up at night at a wayside tavern. Here the banker met many friends and acquaintances, and Mr. Hoagland says he was astonished to find so many "colonels" and "majors" in one small party. Early the next morning he and the banker resumed their journey toward Somerville and arrived there about dusk, and Mr. Hoagland remained in the place until the spring of the next year. He says his sojourn in Somerville was an exceedingly pleasant one, and he looks back yet to that time with gratifying recollection.

In the spring of 1838 Mr. Hoagland returned to St. Louis and proceeded thence immediately to Boonville, up the Missouri river. There he remained until 1852, working at his trade, and established there the first lumber yard. He was also prominent in the establishment of the first Presbyterian church in Boonville, and was for fourteen years one of the most excellent and respected citizens of that place. Four years after settling in Boonville he returned to Elizabeth on a no less pleasant mission than that of becoming a principal in a wedding. This was in February, 1842, when he was married to Miss Nannie Gale of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Mr. Hoagland returned at once to Boonville with his bride, traveling over the

Alleghanies by stage-coach. To them were born three children, George A., Theodore B. and Emeline B. The latter is now the wife of Mr. Benjamin R. Vineyard, a prominent lawyer of St. Joseph. George A. is a leading business man of Omaha, and Theodore is yet in St. Joseph with his father and mother, assisting in the conduct of his father's business, and carrying on a large real estate business of his own, in which he is eminently successful.

In 1852 Mr. Hoagland located in St. Joseph and opened up the first lumber yard in that city for the sale of pine and domestic lumber, sash, doors and blinds and other building material. Afterwards, in 1861, he established the first lumber yard in Omaha of the same character, and soon thereafter did the same thing for Council Bluffs, though he continued to reside in St. Joseph.

At the time of the outbreak of the civil war, the son, George A., then a youth of sixteen or seventeen years, was a student at William Jewell college, Liberty, Missouri, and being associated with many young men whose families were of Confederate proclivities, naturally enough he took the color of his surroundings and became thoroughly imbued with the same ideas. His father, being a Union man and fearing that George might take some contrary steps in that regard, proceeded at once to put a stop to such a movement, and sent the young man to Omaha to look after the lumber interests there. George immediately became diligently and actively concerned in the business, and has remained in Omaha ever since,

having married a daughter of Mr. Wyman, then the postmaster, one of the leading citizens, and became the owner not only of the lumber business which he formerly had charge of for his father, but of other large commercial interests and landed property in that city.

Mr. Hoagland was, for a number of years, one of the directors and president of the Buchanan County Bank of St. Joseph, which position he resigned before the bank paid up its depositors and suspended business. Owing to ill-health, Mr. Hoagland retired from active business several years ago, and is now engaged principally in the investment of loans, though he is a stockholder in the Badger State Lumber Company of Badger Mills, on the Chippewa river of Wisconsin. He was one of the organizers and was president of this company, which owns large tracts of pine lumber land in Wisconsin, and has its principal wholesale depot at Badger Mills, having removed the headquarters from Hannibal, Missouri. He is also a stockholder in the Badger Lumber Company, which has its headquarters at Kansas City, and extensive yards throughout Missouri, Kansas and other western states. Mr. Hoagland has been closely identified with the interests of St. Joseph, municipal, commercial and social, ever since he located in that city, and has served faithfully and efficiently as a member of the board of aldermen. He has contributed largely to various public enterprises, among the latest being a subscription of five thousand dollars to insure the con-

struction of the Rock Island railroad west from St. Joseph.

He has taken special interest in religious affairs, and was one of the most zealous and valuable members of the Young Men's Christian Association board, in furnishing and raising the money for the erection of the superb structure which that organization owns in St. Joseph. This building was erected at a cost of over sixty thousand dollars, and is an ornament as well as a blessing to St. Joseph.

A man of strong and decisive character, upright, just and generous, George T. Hoagland is a gentleman of high standing among those whom his city delights to honor, and his legion of friends trust that he will live long to enjoy the bounties and blessings which diligence, fair-dealing and business success have brought him.

Rev. Dr. C. I. Van Deventer, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Church of St. Joseph, writes concerning Mr. Hoagland as follows:

Mr. George T. Hoagland came to St. Joseph in July, 1852, and the writer in November of the same year, at which time a personal and Christian friendship dates that has been kept up through the passing, changing years to the present.

Others, no doubt, can well represent the successful secular side of his life, but having for a number of years, at different times, been his pastor, it is a pleasure for me to record something of his uprightness and usefulness as a devout and pronounced Christian. He was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, in St. Joseph, in the year 1852, and for several years, while his health was sufficient, was a laborious and useful local preacher. He has also served the church efficiently as class leader, steward and Sunday-school superintendent.

In the latter relation, eight or ten years consecu-

ively, and for this last-mentioned and difficult work he was, and with good health would still be, specially fitted and useful. He was a welcome help to the pastors, not only by occasionally supplying the pulpit, but in visiting and comforting the sick. How many, upon beds of pain and death, have had their faith and their hopes revived by his counsels and prayers? Always mindful of the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the church, while growing in ability, he has also enlarged in Christian liberality. He bought the lots on which the Francis Street church and parsonage stand, and turned them over to the church at first cost, aiding liberally in the erection and subsequent improvement of these buildings. He contributed liberally to the cost of the Tenth Street Methodist church and to the East Side Mission, since called by the trustees Hoagland chapel, in St. Joseph, and has given material aid to all of the enterprises of the church with which he is connected, at home as well as to others abroad.

Among his more recent *connectional* as well as *un-denominational* contributions, we may mention during the Methodist centenary year—\$1,000 to general church extension; \$1,000 to missions; and \$1,000 to Christian education under the direction of Central college at Fayette, Missouri; also more recently \$500 to conference church extension; \$500 to the Conference Ministerial Education society; and \$500 to Central Female college at Lexington, Missouri.

He also gave a valuable building, with ten acres of ground, to the Home of the Friendless in St. Joseph, which, while it could not be made available for the purposes of the Home, yet it is believed that the generous offer, with his subsequent contributions to this object, was a chief incentive in securing the present valuable premises occupied by the Home. He also more recently gave \$5,000 towards purchasing ground and erecting a building for the Y. M. C. A., of which association he had been a member and supporter from the date of its organization in this city—while no doubt many of his gifts to charities and religious objects are unknown, it may be, to his most intimate friends.

Mr. Hoagland cannot be far from, if he has not already passed his three-score years and ten, and for a decade or more has been much of his time in poor health, but we trust that a life so long and so actively identified with the good, and so uniformly opposed to the evil, may yet be considerably protracted, and that he may live to be in the future as in the past, a means of blessing in many ways to those of his adopted city as well as to others.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Dr. Van Deventer is one of the most able and revered of St. Joseph's clergymen.

WILL L. VISSCHER.

## THE BATTLE OF THE PENINSULA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1812.

## GENERAL WADSWORTH'S DIVISION, OHIO MILITIA.

[TRACT No. 51 of the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical society, published in December, 1879, contains a paper by the late Colonel Charles Whittlesey upon the part taken by General Wadsworth's division of Ohio militia in the War of 1812. In the concluding paragraph of that paper the writer uses the following words: "It is remarkable that the only engagement known to have been fought on the Western Reserve was not fully described until after the lapse of half a century. We have found only one detailed account of it by a party who participated in the affair. It was written by the late Honorable Joshua R. Giddings of Ashtabula county, a volunteer from Captain Burnham's company. It was first published in the *Fire Lands Pioneer*, Volume I, No. 4, for May, 1859, the details of which must be reserved for a future paper." By the kindness of Honorable C. C. Baldwin, president of the Historical society, we are now permitted to lay before the public Colonel Whittlesey's promised account. Aside from its historical value it will possess an added interest to our readers in the fact that the honored name of the venerable writer once more appears in the list of contributors to these columns, after his labors in this life have ended forever.

An interesting paper upon this same

battle, from the pen of Honorable A. G. Riddle, appeared upon page 398, Volume I, of this magazine.—THE EDITOR.]

Captain Cotton's detachment, seventy-two men, landed on the peninsula soon after sunrise. Eight of them were left with the boats under Corporal Coffin. Skirmishers under Sergeants Root and Hamilton, with twelve men each, spread themselves to the right and left of the trail, in the woods. Within ten minutes from the time their feet were on the shore the forward movement commenced. The command rapidly crossed the peninsula to Ramsdale's place on the lake shore, a distance of about eight miles in direction somewhat to the west of north. No Indians were there, but the fires seen by scouts the day previous where the slaughtered cattle were cooked, and other evidences of a savage feast, were abundant.

Beyond Ramsdale's house was the wheat field which had been already harvested, but required some attention in order to make it more secure. This grain was too precious to be lost. The force was collected in the field, when Captain Cotton concluded to return to the boats, Hamilton and his flankers on the right, and Root on the left.

They had abandoned the expectation of a fight, but had not wholly given them-

selves up to false security. Their flankers were still in position, covering the rear. Root's little party remained a while at the wheat field, following leisurely past Ramsdale's deserted house, about a mile in the direction of the boats, where he was near to the command of Captain Cotton. It was between eleven and twelve in the morning of a clear and pleasant autumn day. They were moving through open timber, the ground covered with a luxurious growth of native grass as high as the waists of the men. A party of Indians rose from the grass, fired a volley into the flankers under Root, gave a savage yell and dropped out of sight. Ramsdale's son was killed and one man wounded, leaving only nine, each of whom sprang behind a tree. In the words of J. R. Giddings, "Root directed his men to shelter themselves behind trees, and by his cool and deliberate movements stimulated them to maintain their ground. Whenever an Indian showed any part of his person he was sure to receive the salutation of our backwoodsman's rifle. The firing was kept up in an irregular manner, constantly interspersed with the yells of the Indians, until the little guard were reinforced from the main body. As the sound of the enemy's rifles first struck the ears of Captain Cotton and his party, they stopped short and stood silent for a moment, when they began to lead off from the rear without orders and without regularity. Many of them raised the Indian yell as they started. As they reached the scene of action each advanced with circumspection as the whistling of balls informed him that he had obtained the post of danger. The firing

continued for some fifteen minutes after the first arrival of assistance from the main body, when it appeared to subside by common-consent of both parties. As the firing became less animated, the yells of the savages grew faint, and the Indians were seen to drag off their dead and wounded. About the time of these manifestations of a disposition on the part of the enemy to retire from the conflict, Captain Cotton ordered a retreat. It was a matter of much doubt among the officers and men whether the Indians who attacked Root's flank guard were the same who appeared in the bay early in the morning, and who sunk the boats left by Corporal Coffin and his guards. It has always been the opinion of the writer that it was a different party and far less in numbers. Captain Cotton retired and was followed by a large portion of his men. A few remained with Sergeants Root and Rice and maintained their position until the enemy apparently left the field. Mr. Rice was an orderly sergeant in the company to which the writer belonged. He was a man of great physical power, and while in the field exhibited such deliberate courage that he soon after received an appointment from the brigadier-general as a reward for his gallant conduct. He was also permitted to command the next expedition which visited the mouth of the bay a week subsequently. When the firing had entirely ceased, our intrepid sergeants had a consultation, and thought it prudent to retire to where the main body had taken up a position some sixty or eighty rods in the rear of the battle ground. Sergeant Hamilton and his guard were so far distant at the time of

the attack, that they arrived in time to share only in part of the dangers of this skirmish. As soon as they reached the party under Captain Cotton, that officer proposed to take up a line of march directly for the orchard at which they landed in the morning. To this proposal Sergeant Rice would not consent until the dead and wounded were brought off. He was then ordered to take one-half the men and bring them away. This order was promptly obeyed. The dead and wounded were brought from the scene of action to the place where Cotton was waiting with his men. The dead were interred in as decent a manner as could be done under the circumstances, and the line of march was again resumed. There were but two dead bodies left on the ground at the time of the retreat. Ramsdell, who fell at the first fire, and Blackman, who belonged in the southern part of Trumbull county. James S. Bills was shot through the lungs, and after being carried back to where Cotton had made a stand, and after leaving his last request with a friend, he died before the bodies of Blackman and Ramsdell were interred, and the three bodies were buried together between two logs covered with leaves, dirt and rotten wood. There was but one man so wounded as to be unable to walk. A ball had struck him in the groin, and he was carried on the back of Sergeant Rice most of the distance. Rice was a man of great determination of purpose, and refused to leave his charge during the subsequent skirmish.

There was a very general expectation that the enemy would make an attempt to retrieve their evident discomfiture. They

had lost some of their men, but had not taken a single scalp, which, with them, is regarded as disreputable, particularly when they are the aggressors, as in this instance.

The order of march was the same as it had been previously. All proceeded regularly and silently towards the place of landing. When the main body moving along the road had arrived in sight of the improvement at the middle orchard, there suddenly appeared two Indians, some thirty or forty rods in front of the foremost numbers of our party. The Indians appeared to have suddenly discovered our men and started to run from them. Our men in front made pursuit, while others, more cautious than their comrades, called loudly for them to stop, assuring them there was danger near. Our friends stopped suddenly, and at that instant the whole body of Indians fired upon our line, being at farthest not more than twenty rods distant, entirely concealed behind a ledge of trees that had been prostrated by the wind. It was a most unaccountable circumstance that not a man of our party was injured at this fire. The Indians were on the right of the road, and, of course, between the road and bay. Our party betook themselves each to his tree and returned the fire as they could catch sight of the enemy. The firing was irregular for some three or five minutes when Sergeant Hamilton, with the right flank guard, reached the scene of action. He had unconsciously fallen somewhat behind the main body during the march. As he advanced he came directly upon the Indians' left wing. His first fire put them to flight, leaving two or three of their number on the ground. As they retreated they crossed

the road in front of the main body, who by this time had been joined by Sergeant Root and the left guard. Having crossed the road, the Indians turned about and resumed the fire.

At this time Captain Cotton began to retire towards a log building standing within the cleared land. The retreat was very irregular, some of the men remaining on the ground and keeping up an animated fire upon the enemy until Cotton and those who started with him reached the house in which they took shelter. Those in the rear at last commenced a hasty retreat also, and were pursued by the Indians until they came within range of the rifles of those who had found shelter in the house. The Indians commenced a fire upon those in the house and kept it up for a short time, keeping themselves concealed behind the brush and small timber. Captain Cotton, with about twenty men, entered this building and very handsomely covered the retreat of those who remained longest on the field. There were about thirty of those who passed by the house and proceeded to the place where we had landed in the morning, expecting to find the boats in which they might escape across the bay. There were six wounded men brought away that evening, making with the guard left in the boat thirty-seven. These were joined by those who had remained on Cedar Point from the time they left Bull's island on their way from Lower Sandusky, so that the whole party who reached Huron that night were between forty and fifty. The guard and two of the boats were gone. The other two boats were scuttled. They dare not venture to the house, naturally

supposing that it was surrounded by the enemy. Some of them pulled off their clothes and attempted to stop the holes in one of the boats, so as to enable them to cross the bay in it. Others fled at once down the shore of the bay in order to get as far from the enemy as they could, entertaining a hope that some means would offer by which they might cross over to Cedar Point. Others followed, and before sunset all those who had not sought shelter in the house were on the eastern point of the peninsula with their six wounded comrades. The firing was distinctly heard on Cedar Point by Corporal Coffin and his guard of seven men, who, under a state of extreme anxiety for the fate of their companions, put off from the point and lay as near the peninsula as they thought safe from the rifles of the enemy, should there be any there. They rejoiced to see their friends coming down the point, bringing their wounded, wet with perspiration, many of them stained with blood, and all appearing ready to sink under the fatigues and excitement of nearly twenty-four hours' unmitigated effort.

The boats were small, and one of them was loaded at once and crossed to Cedar Point and returned, with the assistance of the other took in all that remained on the point of the peninsula, and crossed over. All were now collected on the beach at Cedar Point. Sergeant Wright was the highest officer in command. Eight men were detailed as oarsmen and ordered to take in the six wounded men and move directly for the mouth of Huron river. I do not recollect the number of men placed in the other boat, but believe it was eight. The remainder took up the march

for Huron by land. It was my lot to act as one of the oarsmen on board the boat on which the wounded were placed. Daylight was fast fading away when we put out from Cedar Point into the mouth of the bay. Here we stopped some little time and listened in the silence of the evening for any noise that might come from the house in which our companions were left. Hearing nothing from that distance, we started for the mouth of Huron river. We entered the river and arrived at a place then called "Sprague's Landing," about a mile above the mouth, about one or two o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth of September. An advance post was kept at that point, and we fortunately found one of the assistant surgeons belonging to the service at that place. We soon started a fire in a vacant cabin and placed the wounded in it, and delivered them over to the care of the medical officer to whom I have alluded, but whose name I am now unable to recollect. Having accomplished this, our Sergeant Rice proposed going to headquarters that night, provided a small party would volunteer to accompany him. Anxious that the earliest possible information of the situation of Captain Cotton and his party on the peninsula should be communicated, some eight or ten of us volunteered to accompany our determined and persevering sergeant. In the darkness of the night we mistook the road, and finding ourselves on a branch leading south, and which left Camp Avery on the right perhaps a mile and a half, we attempted to wend our way through the forest. We soon lost our course, but wandered through openings and woods until daylight enabled

us to direct our course with some degree of correctness. We struck the road near what was then called "Abbott's Landing," and reached camp a little after sunrise. Arrived at headquarters both officers and men were soon made acquainted with the situation of our friends who yet remained on the peninsula. But in the enfeebled state of our skeleton army it was difficult to obtain a sufficient force to send out to relieve them. During the forenoon Lieutenant Allen (of the company to which I belonged) succeeded in raising some thirty volunteers, and started to the peninsula in order to bring home those we had left there. The necessity of this movement will be understood when the reader is informed that Captain Cotton and his men were destitute of all means of crossing the bay. Lieutenant Allen, however, met with difficulty in obtaining boats to convey his men across the bay, and did not reach Captain Cotton and his party until the morning of the first of October. They then found our friends in the house, but the enemy were not to be seen.

Soon after Captain Cotton and his men commenced firing upon them from the house, they retired out of danger. They seemed not to have noticed those who passed by the house in order to find the boats, and who then passed down the bay to the point of the peninsula, on Monday, during the skirmish. Had they discovered those men, they would doubtless have pursued and massacred them all. Being unconscious of this, and there being no prospect of effecting any injury to those in the house, they retired to the scene of action and stripped and scalped two of our dead whom we left on

the field. They mutilated the body of Simons, who fell during the skirmish. His right hand was cut off, and the scalping knife of a chief named Omick was left plunged to the hilt in his breast. This Indian had previously resided at a small village on the east bank of the Pymatuning creek, in the township of Wayne, in the county of Ashtabula. I had been well acquainted with him for several years, and so had many others who were engaged in the combat of that day, some of whom declared that they recognized him during the skirmish. It is also supposed that he must have recognized some of his old acquaintances, and left his knife in the body of Simons as a token of triumph. The knife was recognized by some of the soldiers from its peculiar handle of carved ivory. The Indians took away and secreted the bodies of their own dead. There were three of our men killed during this latter skirmish. Mason lived on Huron river, and cultivated the farm on which we were encamped. He came into camp on the twenty-eighth, about sunset, volunteered for the expedition and accompanied us on our march. He was shot through the lower region of the breast, the ball evidently having passed through some portion of the lungs, as the blood flowed from his mouth and nose. A friend took him upon his shoulder and attempted to bring him off the field, but as the enemy pressed hard upon them, Mason requested his friend to set him beside a tree, and give him a gun and leave him to his fate. His friend, knowing that at best he could only prolong his life a few moments, sat him down as requested and left him. He was seen some

moments subsequently by those who passed him in haste, flying before the pursuing enemy. They reported him as still sitting up beside the tree, and the blood flowing from his mouth and nose. They also stated that they heard the report of his musket soon after they passed him, and the report of several rifles instantly followed. On examining the body, it was found that several balls had passed through his breast, and it was generally supposed that he fired upon the enemy as they approached him, and that in return several Indians fired at him. His body was stripped of its clothing and he was scalped.

On the arrival of Lieutenant Allen and his party at the house, Captain Cotton joined him, and they proceeded to bury the bodies of those two men. Mingus (I may have forgotten the name of this man, but I think such was the name) was also killed during this skirmish. His brother saw him fall, immediately seized the body and, raising it upon his shoulder, proceeded to the house with it. After the Indians had retired out of sight and left our friends somewhat at leisure, they proceeded to raise a portion of the floor, composed of planks split from large timber. They then dug a sort of grave and, burying the body, replaced the floor, leaving no signs of the body being deposited there. Captain Cotton and Lieutenant Allen and his party then recrossed the bay, and returned to camp on the evening of the first of October. The next morning we again mustered, and the roll of volunteers was called. The names of the killed and wounded being noted, we were dismissed, and each returned to his own company.

CHARLES WHITTLESEY.

## THE BENCH AND BAR OF RAMSEY COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

RAMSEY county is the lineal descendant of the county of St. Croix, which the territory of Minnesota inherited from the territory of Wisconsin when the latter territory became a state of the Union. It is one of the original counties established by the first legislature which convened in the territory, and was created by act of October 27, 1849. It has always been the leading county of the territory and state in population, wealth, commerce and social influence, as well as containing the capital of both territory and state, and since the admission of Minnesota into the Union the circuit court of the United States has always been held at St. Paul, the principal city of the county. With all these elements of power and advantage, it is not surprising that the bar of Ramsey county, regarded collectively, has always been the most prominent and influential of any in the commonwealth. From the earliest days in its history it has had inscribed upon its rolls the names of many men who would adorn the bar of any state as well for learning and ability as for high and honorable standing in the profession.

The industries and capital of St. Paul having been, during all the earlier period of its existence and up to quite a recent date, devoted almost exclusively to commerce and finance, were much more prolific of important litigation than the manufacturing, lumbering, and the agricultural interests of other portions of the state. It

is a well ascertained fact that any given amount of capital invested in the various branches of business which combine to create commerce, will be productive of more litigation than three times the amount engaged in any kind of manufacturing. It is quite natural, therefore, that about the financial and commercial centre of the state should be found the leading representatives of the bar, and this is said without any disparagement of the individuals who compose the bars of other counties of the state, many of whom are second to none in Ramsey county, or, we can truthfully say, in the entire northwest.

In treating of the bar of this county we will divide the subject into two periods: the traditional, the materials for which rest mainly in the recollection of a very few living men, and the record period, which covers the time since the methods of civilization superseded those of the rude frontier.

Much more interest usually attaches to the early days of a country when everything is fresh, free and disorderly, than to the more regular proceedings of courts and lawyers in after times, when judicial work is conducted in a manner which robs it of the possibility of humor, romance or adventure. We shall, therefore, endeavor to record the history of the traditional period as fully as the facts attainable will permit.

Henry H. Sibley, now a distinguished citizen of St. Paul, was undoubtedly the

first person who ever engaged in the practice of the law in any part of what is now the state of Minnesota. In 1835 and 1836 he resided at St. Peter's, now Mendota, in Dakota county, and was connected with one of the great fur companies which occupied the country at that time. He was not then admitted to the bar, but being a young man of fine ability, and having familiarized himself with the principles of the common law, and there being no one else in the country who made any pretensions in that direction, the necessities of the situation induced him to hang out a shingle announcing himself as an attorney and counselor at law. Even tradition does not inform us that Mr. Sibley ever tried a case, as there were no courts nearer than *Prairie du Chien*, except the one held by himself as a justice of the peace, which we will speak of hereafter. General Sibley still retains the professional sign he put up fifty-one years ago. It is ornamented with a bullet hole, which was accidentally made in it from the careless handling of a gun by someone, indicating that powder and lead were more in vogue in those days than the wordy weapons of the profession.

General Sibley was also the first judicial officer who ever exercised the functions of a court of law in any part of the new state of Minnesota. He was commissioned a justice of the peace in 1835 or 1836 by Governor Chambers of Iowa, with a jurisdiction extending from twenty miles south of *Prairie du Chien* to the British boundary on the north, White river on the west, and the Mississippi on the east. When he committed an offender for a crime of sufficient magnitude to

preclude his trying and sentencing him, there was no place to send him except *Prairie du Chien*, which often involved the necessity of holding him for a long time before an opportunity would occur to dispose of him. Tradition says that this magistrate would sometimes, in cases of pressing urgency, extend his jurisdiction into Wisconsin, on the east side of the Mississippi, one instance of which is well authenticated: A man named Phalen, from whom the lake which supplies St. Paul with water took its name, was charged with the murder of a discharged sergeant from the United States army, named Hayes. The murder was committed on the east side of the Mississippi in Wisconsin. Justice Sibley held the examination, committed the offender to jail at *Prairie du Chien*, and he was duly forwarded and no questions asked by anyone. After the organization of our territory, General Sibley was duly admitted to the bar.

Prior to the admission of Wisconsin into the Union, which occurred on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1848, all the country west of the St. Croix river and east of the Mississippi was a part of the county of St. Croix, in the territory of Wisconsin, which was a fully organized county for judicial purposes, having its district court and all proper county officials. The first attempt at holding a term of the district court west of the St. Croix was in 1842. Joseph R. Brown had been appointed clerk of the court and had his residence on the bank of Lake St. Croix, at the point where now stands the city of Stillwater. Mr. Brown was not a lawyer, but he was a man of extraordinary ability, enlarged experience on

the frontier and among the Indians. His versatile talents fitted him for anything he undertook, and there were very few things, from playing the fife in the army to editing the leading newspaper in St. Paul, and framing the state constitution, that he did not take a prominent part in. He was among the first lumbermen on the St. Croix, Indian trader with the Sioux, member of the legislature of both Wisconsin and Minnesota territories, United States agent for the Sioux, editor of the *St. Paul Pioneer* and other papers, and a member of the constitutional convention that framed our present state constitution, and in every important position he held he displayed marked ability. His last undertaking was the invention of a steam motor to traverse the western prairies. On this idea he expended large sums of money, but died before bringing it to a state of practical utility.

In 1842 Judge Irwin, then one of the territorial judges of Wisconsin, came up the river from Prairie du Chien to hold a term of the court which had been appointed for St. Croix county. He landed at Fort Snelling, and could find no one who could give him any information about localities, or anything concerning the court, until he reached the trading house of Norman W. Kittson, which was situated a mile or two above the fort, at Big Spring, and near where the St. Louis house subsequently stood. Mr. Kittson gave him the address of Joseph R. Brown, the clerk of the court, and furnished him a horse on which to reach Stillwater. After a weary journey he arrived at Lake St. Croix, but could find neither habitation nor human being until he discovered a log house,

which was occupied by Joseph R. Brown, the clerk of his court. Either Brown had not been informed of the contemplated term or had forgotten it, but at all events no preparations had been made for holding it, and the disgusted judge took the first chance down the river, swearing it was the last time he would ever answer a summons to St. Croix county. Tradition says that Brown, being of a speculative turn of mind, had procured the appointment of the term for the purpose of advertising the country and luring immigration to his region.

Five years elapsed before another attempt was made to hold a term of court in St. Croix county. In June, 1847, the district court convened at Stillwater, Judge Dunn, then chief-justice of Wisconsin territory, presiding. Much interest was felt in this term on account of the trial of the Indian chief "Wind," who was charged with murder. Many noted attorneys of Wisconsin took advantage of this opportunity to visit the remote county of St. Croix. Among those who attended the court were: Benjamin C. Eastman of Platteville; Frank Dunn, Samuel J. Crawford, Moses M. Strong of Mineral Point; Thomas P. Burnette of Patch Grove; Hiram Knowlton of Prairie du Chien, and others.

Judge Dunn appointed Samuel Crawford prosecuting attorney for the term, and Benjamin C. Eastman to defend the prisoner, "Wind." The trial was had and the chief acquitted. This was the first jury trial that took place within the present limits of Minnesota, as well as the first criminal trial in a court of record, and this term was the only one ever held

within the limits of the state while it was part of Wisconsin.

When Wisconsin was admitted into the Union in May, 1848, its western boundary was the Mississippi river up to the mouth of St. Croix, and the lake and river St. Croix beyond that point. The adoption of this boundary left all the territory west of the St. Croix and east of the Mississippi without any government. Stillwater was then something of a settlement, having the largest population of any place west of the new state, included in which were some lawyers. Morton S. Wilkinson had been living there since early in the year 1847. Henry L. Moss located there in April, 1848.

Morton S. Wilkinson is a native of New York and a man of great natural ability and brilliancy. As an advocate he has few equals. His figure is tall and commanding; his features are thin, marked and intellectual. He has been in the practice of his profession ever since his arrival at Stillwater, and has filled many positions of honor and trust, and has always performed all his public duties with ability and fidelity. He was once register of deeds of Ramsey county. Has been in both branches of the local legislature. Was United States senator and member of the house of representatives from the state of Minnesota. He practiced for many years as a member of the Ramsey county bar; lived for some time in Mankato and now resides at Wells, in Faribault county, and was county attorney there. Mr. Wilkinson enjoys excellent health and has the prospect of a long life before him.

Henry L. Moss was appointed United

States district attorney for the territory of Minnesota at its organization, and held the office during the administration under which he was appointed, and until Governor Gorman succeeded Governor Ramsey, performing its duties with ability and success. Mr. Moss is a good lawyer and has seen much practice in the early days of the territory and state. He removed to St. Paul from Stillwater about the time of the organization of the territory, and at one time was engaged in the practice of his profession with Lafayette Emmett, the first chief-justice of the state. For many years Mr. Moss has not practiced, but has devoted his attention to the business of insurance, in which he is now largely engaged. He resides in St. Paul, and is in vigorous health.

On account of the uncertainty created by the anomalous condition of things existing in the strip of country embracing Stillwater and St. Paul, as to whether it was within any political jurisdiction or had any government, no courts were held west of the St. Croix, not even justices' courts, during the year 1848. To remedy this difficulty, the leading citizens met for consultation in the month of August, 1848, and adopted the theory that the admission of a part of the territory of Wisconsin as a state did not necessarily disorganize the remnant. They opened correspondence with John Catlin of Madison, Wisconsin, who was secretary of the territory of Wisconsin at the time of its admission as a state, and who had become *ex-officio* governor, on the election of Governor Dodge to the United States senate, and invited him to come to Stillwater and proclaim the government of

the territory to be in force over the remnant of it which was left. Accordingly, in the month of September, 1848, Governor Catlin, with his family, removed to Stillwater and assumed the position of chief magistrate of the territory of Wisconsin, and issued his proclamation for the election of a delegate to congress. An election was held in November following, and Henry H. Sibley was chosen. He was admitted to a seat in congress, and the next year the territory of Minnesota was organized, as we shall see hereafter.

The first effort that was ever made toward the erection of a court-house in the territory was in Stillwater, in December, 1847. The following subscription paper was circulated, with the success which it bears on its face. It shows that even in that very early day the inhabitants were public-spirited according to their means:

We, the undersigned; hereby agree to pay the amount set opposite our respective names, to be invested in a court-house and jail in the town of Stillwater, to be built according to a plan submitted by Jacob Fischer, provided the county of St. Croix will pay the balance of the cost of said building after deducting \$1,200; which amount we propose to raise by this subscription and pay the same to the holder of this paper as may be required for the progress of the building.

STILLWATER, December 18, 1847.

|                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| John McKusick.....                  | \$ 400 00 |
| Jacob Fischer.....                  | 50 00     |
| Churchill & Nelson.....             | 200 00    |
| Orange Walker for Marine L. Co..... | 100 00    |
| W. Holcombe.....                    | 50 00     |
| John W. Brewster.....               | 50 00     |
| John Morgan.....                    | 20 00     |
| William Cave.....                   | 25 00     |
| William Stanchfield (paid).....     | 50 00     |
| A. Harris.....                      | 25 00     |
| Jesse Taylor.....                   | 25 00     |
| Wm. Willim.....                     | 25 00     |

|                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| C. Carli.....        | \$ 25 00         |
| A. Northup.....      | 100 00           |
| Nelson McCarty.....  | 15 00            |
| M. S. Wilkinson..... | 15 00            |
|                      | <hr/> \$1,175 00 |

Quite a number of the subscribers to this enterprise are still living and will be recognized by the old settlers. The court-house was erected on the summit of one of the hills in Stillwater, and the first court of 1849 was held in it.

The only evidence we have been able to find of any legal proceedings being had in St. Croix county in 1848, is the record of a writ of attachment issued out of the district court at the suit of Thomas H. West against Anson Northup for the recovery of \$3,100 39-100. It is attested in the name of the Honorable Charles Dunn, judge of the district, on the fifteenth day of May, 1848, and signed by Joseph R. Brown, "Clerk D. C. S. C. C. W. T.," which, interpreted, means "clerk of the district court of St. Croix county, Wisconsin territory." To this writ is a return of the sheriff, John Morgan, of service.

Nothing further appears to have been done in the suit, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that Mr. Northup was armed with a good and sufficient defence, or the uncertainty of the jurisdiction of Wisconsin over the county deterred the prosecution.

On the third day of March, 1849, the organic act creating the territory of Minnesota was passed by congress. It is entitled, "An act to establish the Territorial Government of Minnesota." The President of the United States appointed Alexander Ramsey governor of the territory; Charles K. Smith, secretary; Aaron Goodrich, chief-justice; David Cooper

and Bradley B. Meeker, associate justices; Alexander Mitchell, marshal; and Henry L. Moss, United States attorney.

At the time of the passage of this act the only attorneys residing in what is now Ramsey county were David Lambert, William D. Phillips and Bushrod W. Lott, all of St. Paul. David Lambert was admitted to the bar of New York, and came from Madison, Wisconsin, to St. Paul in 1848. He was a man of fine ability, but his career was short. He was drowned from a steamboat on the Mississippi river, in November, 1849, aged about thirty years.

William D. Phillips was a native of Maryland, and was admitted to the bar of that state. He came to St. Paul in 1848, and was the first district attorney of the county of Ramsey. He was elected to this office in 1849. He continued in the practice of his profession at St. Paul until the election of President Pierce, under whose administration he received an appointment to a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington. He never returned to St. Paul and is supposed to have died many years ago.

Mr. Phillips was a very eccentric person, and many anecdotes are related of him. On one occasion an opposing attorney, who had very recently arrived in the territory, in the trial of a cause, cited a clause of the statutes against him and endeavored to put a construction upon it, which Phillips controverted. In the discussion which followed, the new attorney made some classical allusion, in which the names of Cicero or Demosthenes occurred. Mr. Phillips, in replying, became very much excited, and, rising in a flight of eloquence, he said:

The gentleman may be a classical scholar. He may be as eloquent as Demosthenes. He has probably ripped with old Euripides, socked with old Socrates, and canted with old Cantharides, but, gentlemen of the jury, what does he know about the laws of Minnesota?

As illustrative of his possessing in a high degree the quality which every lawyer is popularly supposed to excel in, that of never forgetting to charge for services performed, on one occasion Henry M. Rice presented him with a lot on Third street, on which to erect an office, and when he presented his bill for services there was an item of four dollars for drawing the deed.

Bushrod W. Lott was a native of New Jersey. He removed to Illinois when quite young, and was admitted to the bar of that state. He commenced the practice of law in St. Paul, in 1848. He has been a member of the house of representatives, in the legislature several terms, United States consul at Tehuantepec, and has held other public trusts. Mr. Lott did not practice his profession for many years, and died about a year ago.

Soon after the passage of the act establishing the territorial government of Minnesota, the officers appointed to organize it made their appearance, and on the first day of June, 1849, Governor Ramsey issued his proclamation declaring the territorial government duly organized.

The organic act by section 9 provided "that the judicial power of said territory shall be vested in a supreme court, district courts, probate courts, and in justices of the peace. The supreme court shall consist of a chief-justice and two associate justices, and two of whom shall constitute a quorum, and who shall hold a

term at the seat of government of said territory annually." . . . "The said territory shall be divided into three judicial districts, and a district court shall be held in each of said districts by one of the justices of the supreme court at such times and places as may be prescribed by law; and the said judges shall after their appointment respectively reside in the district which shall be assigned to them."

The act then proceeds to define many matters pertaining to the courts, their jurisdiction, and the administration of justice, which are not of sufficient interest to be further quoted here.

In pursuance of this law the governor, on the eleventh day of June, 1849, issued a proclamation dividing the territory into judicial districts, and assigning the judges to them. The county of St. Croix alone was erected into the First district and Chief-Justice Aaron Goodrich was assigned to it; all the rest of the territory was divided into the Second and Third districts, and Judge Meeker was assigned to the Second and Judge Cooper to the Third.

In the same proclamation the governor appointed the first term of the district court for the first district to be held at Stillwater on the second Monday of August, 1849, to continue one week, and the second term in said district to be held at the same place on the second Monday of February, 1850, also to continue one week.

In pursuance of this proclamation the court was held, Chief-Justice Goodrich presiding, assisted by Judge Cooper. The following editorial notice of the same appears in the *Chronicle and Register*, published at St. Paul on August 25, 1849:

The court for the First judicial district, Honorable Aaron Goodrich presiding, assisted by Honorable David Cooper, closed its first term on Saturday last, after a laborious sitting of six days. Considerable more business was brought before the court than had been anticipated. Thirty-five cases stood upon the trial docket at the opening of the term. The proceedings were for the first two or three days somewhat crude, owing to the assembly of a bar composed of persons from nearly every state in the Union, holding all their natural prejudices in favor of the practice of the courts they had recently left, and against those of all other places in Christendom. . . . The grand jury found ten bills during their session, as follows: One for assault and battery with intent to maim, one for perjury, four for selling liquor to Indians, and four for keeping gaming houses. Only the first was tried, the others lying over until the next term.

The article speaks in high praise of M. S. Wilkinson, who was the prosecuting attorney, and of the hospitality of the people of Stillwater.

This was the first court ever held in Minnesota. The record of this term discloses that it was opened on Monday, August 13, 1849. That there were present: Honorable Aaron Goodrich, judge of the First judicial district of Minnesota territory, presiding; Alexander M. Mitchell, United States marshal; Henry L. Moss, United States district attorney; Morton S. Wilkinson, district attorney, St. Croix county; John Morgan, sheriff, St. Croix county; Harvey Wilson, clerk United States district court, St. Croix county; William Henry Forbes, interpreter.

On the first day of this term, the following named attorneys were admitted to practice: Morton S. Wilkinson, Henry L. Moss, David Lambert, H. A. Lambert, George Goble, John A. Wakefield, Hiram Knowlton, Charles K. Smith, Alexander M. Mitchell, John S. Goodrich, William

D. Phillips, Edmund Rice, Ellis G. Whitall, and Samuel H. Dent. Of these gentlemen the following were residents of St. Paul: The two Lamberts, Messrs. Wakefield, Smith, Mitchell, Phillips, Rice, Whitall and Dent.

On the second day the court admitted Putnam B. Bishop and Lorenzo A. Babcock.

On the fourth day Alexander Wilkin and Bushrod W. Lott were admitted, also Messrs. Bishop, Wilkin and Lott of St. Paul, and Mr. Babcock of Sauk Rapids.

On the fourth day an indictment was returned by the grand jury against William D. Phillips, the attorney of whom we have previously spoken, for an assault with intent to maim. The case was tried and a verdict rendered against Mr. Phillips for an assault, and he was fined twenty-five dollars.

This being the first indictment ever found and tried in Minnesota, and being against an attorney of the court, it possesses some historic interest. Mr. Phillips, in an altercation with the prosecuting witness, drew a pistol on him, and the question in the case was whether the pistol was loaded or not. The witness swore that it was, and that he could see the load. The prisoner, as the law then stood, could not testify in his own behalf, and there was no way for him to disprove this fact. He, however, always felt very much aggrieved at the verdict against him, and explained the assertion of the witness, that he *saw* the load, in this way. Mr. Phillips said he had been around electioneering for H. M. Rice, against Mr. Sibley, and from the unsettled state of the country he found it difficult to get his meals regularly. So

he carried crackers and cheese in his pockets, and the pistol being in the same pocket, a piece of the cracker got into the muzzle of the pistol, and the fellow was so scared that he thought the pistol was charged to the brim.

On the sixth day of the term Samuel H. Quay and Laysel B. Wait were admitted to practice.

Mr. Quay was one of the publishers of the *Minnesota Register* in St. Paul, and Mr. Wait was at the time of his admission a resident of Stillwater, but for many years after of St. Paul, and engaged in various mercantile pursuits. Neither of these gentlemen ever practiced law that can be discovered.

At this term our much respected citizen, Mr. Nathan Myrick, was indicted for selling liquor to Indians. This affair grew out of a seizure of Mr. Myrick's goods, as an Indian trader, by Captain Monroe of the United States army, for an alleged breach of the trade and intercourse laws. Mr. Myrick was arrested by Captain Monroe, and held a prisoner one night, and then released. The difficulty was amicably adjusted between Mr. Myrick and the captain, and, so far as the former was concerned, would have been allowed to drop, but when the indictment was found, Mr. Myrick at once, by Masterson & Simons, his attorneys, commenced an action against Captain Monroe for false imprisonment, and recovered a judgment of \$666.66, which the government subsequently paid, thus fully vindicating Mr. Myrick from any infraction of the laws. The indictment was never tried.

Mr. Harvey Wilson, who figures as the

clerk of the first court ever held in Minnesota, continued to hold the office, the clerk of the district court of Washington county, continuously from the organization of that county in 1849, to the time of his death about nine years ago.

Alexander Wilkin admitted at this term, was an elder brother of Judge Westcott Wilkin, at present and for many years past the honored judge of the district court of Ramsey county. He had been an officer in the United States army in the Mexican war, and was always called in the olden time "Captain Wilkin." He was a man of small stature, but indomitable will and energy, and uncompromising integrity. The captain was quick to resent an affront, and in the free and fighting days of the territory, had several personal encounters with parties who had given him offense, but happily none of them resulted seriously to either party.

The captain operated largely in real estate and acquired a considerable quantity of valuable lands. He was appointed secretary of the territory to succeed Charles K. Smith, and performed the duties of that office until the election of President Pierce. He was an officer of the celebrated Pioneer guards, the first military organization formed in the territory. He visited Europe during the Crimean war in 1854, and traveled extensively, and when the civil war commenced in this country in 1861, he went to the front as an officer in the First Minnesota regiment. He was soon promoted through various grades to the command of the Ninth Minnesota, and after participating in many of the battles of the war, and exhibiting a high degree of valor and skill as a mili-

tary leader, he was killed at the battle of Tupelo. Colonel Wilkin is remembered by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, with great respect and affection. He did not engage in the practice of law very extensively.

In September, 1849, Michael E. Ames located in Stillwater and opened a law office. Mr. Ames soon after removed to St. Paul, where he practiced his profession until his death. He was a native of Vermont, but came to Minnesota from Baraboo, Wisconsin. Mr. Ames was one of the leading members of the bar of Ramsey county. He was a persuasive orator and a successful advocate.

Edmund Rice, who was admitted at the first term of the court, is a native of Vermont, but immigrated to Minnesota from Michigan. Mr. Rice devoted himself to the practice of the law up to about the year 1856, when the railroad interests of the state began to assume prominence. He took a lively interest in railroad matters from that date, and has since almost exclusively devoted himself to those enterprises, building the first roads ever constructed in this territory. He has been president of several of the leading railroad companies and well deserves to be styled the father of railroads in this state, so far as relates to bringing the system from theory to actual construction and operation, while the conception of the system and the securing of the great land grants largely belongs to his brother, Henry M. Rice, for a long time delegate and United States senator from Minnesota. Mr. Edmund Rice has always enjoyed the confidence and warm friendship of the people of Minnesota to

a degree hardly equaled by any other man, and may be said to-day to be the most popular as well as one of the handsomest men in the state. He was chosen mayor of St. Paul by an unusually large

majority, after filling many offices of trust and honor invariably with satisfaction to his constituency, and is at present a member of congress from this state.

CHARLES E. FLANDRAU.

[To be continued.]

### THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT UTICA, NEW YORK.

THE Oneida Historical society was organized December 1, 1876, at an informal meeting held in the office of Honorable Charles W. Hutchinson, at which a committee consisting of John F. Seymour, Alexander Seward and Robert S. Williams, was appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws, and to nominate a list of officers. At a subsequent meeting, held December 15, 1876, this committee submitted its report, which was adopted. The officers elected were the same as those elected in 1879, with the exception of Dr. M. M. Bagg, recording secretary, who resigned that office in January, 1878. The articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state on the sixteenth day of November, 1878. First officers of the society, 1879: President, Horatio Seymour; vice-presidents, Charles W. Hutchinson, Alexander Seward, Edward Huntington; recording secretary, S. N. D. North; corresponding secretary and librarian, Morven M. Jones; treasurer, Robert S. Williams; executive committee, John F. Seymour, S. G. Visscher, John L. Earll, William J. Bacon, Richard U. Sherman; board of

councilors, 1876, Roscoe Conkling, Pomroy Jones, Luther Guiteau, Philo White, Daniel B. Goodwin, Charlemagne Tower, John Stryker, Ward Hunt, Ellis H. Roberts, Richard U. Sherman, Dewitt C. Grove, Francis Kernan, John H. Edmonds, Michael Moore, Edward North, Othniel S. Williams, William D. Walcott, Daniel E. Wager, John P. Gray, Daniel Batchelor, John F. Seymour, William J. Bacon; 1878, Simon G. Visscher, John G. Crocker, Theodore S. Faxton; 1879, John L. Earll.

By the courtesy of the board of school commissioners of the city of Utica, the society has been permitted to occupy rooms in the handsome library building from its first organization up to the present time. It is the mission of this society to cover in its collections and researches the entire territory embraced in the original civil division of central New York — the county of Tryon, erected in 1772, rechristened Montgomery, in contempt of a royal governor, in 1774; divided in 1791 into the counties of Montgomery, Otsego, Tioga, Ontario and Herkimer, Oneida county being erected out of the latter

in 1798. It is a wide field, for the boundaries of Tryon county included all the territory lying west of a line running nearly north and south through the present county of Schoharie. All the state of New York west of that line is our legitimate field. That county included the hunting grounds of the Five Nations of Iroquois, who were the owners of this soil before our fathers possessed themselves of it, and whose civil and military achievements form a glorious chapter in the aboriginal history of America. We are the centre of the famous "long house" within fifty miles of the spot where the council fires were held, and so directly in the home of the Oneida tribe of Iroquois—the only one of the original Five Nations which stood by the colonists in their struggle for independence—that Utica is the custodian of its "Sacred Stone." In many ways the original Tryon county is peculiarly interesting, in a historical point of view. Hither lived, labored and died Sir William Johnson, in many respects the most prominent figure in the colonial annals of America. Here also lived his sons and their ally, Joseph Brandt, who made the Mohawk valley forever memorable as the scene of the fiercest and most relentless Indian and Tory massacre. Hither migrated the chief segment of the exiled Palatinates; and the story of their pioneer battles with the wilderness, their revolutionary patriotism under circumstances the most perilous that tested the nerves of any colonists, with the later record of their remarkable assimilation with the American race—a story never yet fully written out—offers inspiration for song, romance and history. Here, also, were the frontier and defensive forts and castles both of the French, the Indians and the English, as well as of the colonists—Fort Bull, Fort Plain, Fort House, Fort Hill, Fort Hunter, Fort Dayton, Fort Schuyler, Fort Stanwix, Fort Oswego and Fort Brewerton. Here passed and repassed along the water-courses, over the Indian fords and through the trackless forests, the military expeditions of French and English, until the prowess of the latter at length determined that the English race and civilization should predominate upon the continent. Here were fought the battles of Oriskany and Saratoga, upon whose fields the war for independence ceased to be a rebellion and became a revolution. Here the Western Island Lock Navigation company made the first attempt at artificial water navigation in America, an attempt which soon developed into the Erie canal, upon whose waters the commerce of a continent traverses from the lakes to the Atlantic. Here was the scene of the romantic adventure and the untoward fate of the Castorland company, and here is the grave and monument of the brave Baron Steuben. Here was tested one of the first railroads ever built. Here was organized the first express company. Here the telegraph was put to its first practical utility. Here were erected the first cotton factory and the first woolen factory chartered by the state of New York, and here has been the home of more than a due proportion of

the statesmen whose life-work is a part of the history of New York and the Nation.

The Oneida Historical society is the proper custodian of the documents, the manuscripts, the relics, the memorials, of every kind and description, which relate to and illustrate this remarkable history. Because our organization was late in the field, many of the most valuable and interesting of these memoirs have gone elsewhere. It now remains for us to faithfully gather and preserve the valuable materials of local history that still remain scattered and are fast disappearing in the homes of central New York.

The Oneida Historical society has in no way done more to preserve and keep alive our local history, than by the monuments which it has helped to erect. The beginnings of our city are defined and perpetuated by the memorial of old Fort Schuyler. The settlement of the country is forever traced back to its pioneer by the monument to Hugh White in the town which bears his name. This towering column at Oriskany teaches for all time the strategic and commercial relations of the valley of the Mohawk to the continent, while it gives immortality to the yeomen who withstood the armed hosts of invasion. For these this society may claim its share of credit. The monument to Baron Steuben, due in large part to the thoughtfulness of our German fellow-citizens, at all its stages had the favor of our distinguished president, whose eloquence crowned its dedication. He also contributed to the

memorial to that earlier soldier—the soldier of the cross—Samuel Kirkland, missionary, leader in education in central New York, far-seeing and efficient patriot, by whose grave the hillside above Oriskany creek is made consecrated ground.

The work already done by this society opens the way for other like tasks. The Cemetery association in 1875 transferred, with fitting ceremonies, to a beautiful knoll on Forest Hill, the remains of Colonel Benjamin Walker and Dr. John Cochrane, who held important posts during the War of the Revolution. No fitting monument tells the rising generation who they were, and thus teaches the duties and privileges and the rewards of patriotism. Beside the headquarters of the Mohawk rests another whose name is identified with the foundations of the Republic—William Floyd, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and for eight years a member of the Continental congress. The monument over his grave is a family tribute.

This society, at the present time, is engaged in making arrangements for the centennial celebration of the founding of New Hartford, Oneida county, New York. The anniversary will occur in March next, and a committee has already been appointed, consisting of Honorable John F. Seymour, chairman; Alexander Seward, Joseph R. Swan, George L. Curran, William S. Doolittle, Honorable R. U. Sherman, Honorable Morgan Butler, Lynott B. Root, Rev. I. N. Terry, William M. Storrs.

## MEMBERSHIP.

Life members, 14; honorary members, 3; and resident members, 224; total, 241.

## LATER OFFICERS.

1885-6—President, Horatio Seymour; vice-presidents, Ellis H. Roberts, Isaac S. Hartley, Daniel E. Wager; recording secretary, M. M. Bagg; corresponding secretary, C. W. Darling; librarian, M. M. Jones; treasurer, R. S. Williams; 1887—president, Honorable Ellis H. Roberts; vice-presidents, Rev. I. S. Hartley, D. D., Honorable D. E. Wager, Honorable J. F. Seymour; recording secretary, M. M. Bagg, M. D.; corresponding secretary, General C. W. Darling; librarian, F. C. Ingalls; treasurer, W. C. Rowley.

Publications of the society: 'Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Oriskany': 1877. 'Historical Fallacies Regarding Colonial New York.' By Douglas Campbell. Annual address: 1879. 'The Men, Events, Lawyers, Politics and Politicians of Early Rome.' By D. E. Wager: 1879. 'Articles of Incorporation, Constitution, By-Laws, Officers, Members and Donors of the Society and Proceedings of Annual Meeting: 1879. 'Early History of Oneida County.' By William Tracy: Annual address: 1880. 'Transactions of the Oneida Historical Society, with Annual Address and Reports for 1881, Paris Reinterment and Papers read before the Society from 1878 to 1881: 1881. 'Semi-Centennial of the City of Utica and Supper of Half-Century Club: 1882. 'A Long-Lost Point in History.' By L. W. Ledyard. Annual address:

1883. 'Colonel John Brown.' By Rev. G. L. Roof: 1884. Transactions of the Oneida Historical Society, 1881 to 1884, containing Whitestown Centennial, Whitesboro's Golden Age, Wagner Reinterment, Old Fort Schuyler Celebration, and Dedication of the Oriskany Monument: 1885. Transactions of the Oneida Historical Society, 1885-6, containing Early Protestant Missions among the Iroquois, The Streets of Utica, The Utica Water Works, Forts Stanwix and Bull and other Forts at Rome, Memorial of S. Wells Williams, The Utica High School, List of the Birds of Oneida County.

## ADDRESSES AND PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY.

1878. October 29.—'The Genealogy of a Utica Newspaper.' Alexander Seward. November 26.—'The History of Journalism in Rome.' D. E. Wager. December 10.—'The Needs and Purposes of the Oneida Historical Society.' S. N. D. North. December 17.—'The History of the Title to the Oriskany Battle Field.' Alexander Seward. December 31.—'The Telegraph and the Associated Press.' Alexander Seward. 1879. January 14.—'Historical Fallacies Regarding Colonial New York.' Douglas Campbell. January 28.—'The Men, Events, Lawyers, Politics and Politicians of Early Rome.' D. E. Wager. February 25.—'The Herkimer Family Papers.' Matthew D. Bagg. May 6.—'The Castorland Colony.' Dr. Franklin B. Hough. July 29.—'The Earliest Factories of Oneida County, and their Projectors.' Dr. M. M. Bagg. September 23.—

- 'Johannes Rueff, the Pioneer Settler at Fort Stanwix, New York:' Dr. F. H. Roof. November 11.—(First) 'Description and Analysis of the Massachusetts MSS. in the State Library, relating to the removal of the Seneca Indians in 1838.' (Second) 'The Pompey Stone, with Inscription and Date of 1520.' Henry A. Homes. December 23.—'The Civil, Moral and Social Condition of the People of England at the Commencement of the Reign of George III.:' Daniel Batchelor. 1880. January 13.—'Incidents Connected with the Early History of Oneida County.' Annual Address: Honorable William Tracy. February 17.—'A Glance at the First Volunteers from Central New York, in the Early Days of the Late War.' William H. Christian. May 11.—'The Palatines and their Settlement in the Upper Mohawk Valley.' Honorable Samuel Earl. July 13.—'The Syracuse and Utica Railroad.' Honorable Daniel E. Wager. November 9.—'Andrew A. Bartow and the Discovery of Water-Lime in this County.' Honorable Samuel Earl. December 31.—'The Continental Congress: Some of its Actors and their Doings, with the Results thereof.' Annual Address: Honorable William J. Bacon. 1881. March 2.—'Letter of Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell, relative to the Louisiana Purchase, with Biographical Sketch of Dr. Mitchell.' Morven M. Jones. April 6.—'Biographical Sketch of Dr. Matthew Brown of Rome, and afterwards of Rochester, New York.' Dr. M. M. Bagg. May 31.—'The Early History of the Mohawk Valley.' Rev. George A. Lintner, D. D. Read by C. W. Hutchinson. December 7.—'The Golden Age of Whitesboro.' D. E. Wager. 1882. January 10.—'Historical Sketch of the New York Historical Society.' Annual Address: Dr. M. M. Bagg. February to May.—'Golden Age of Whitesboro.' D. E. Wager. 1883. January 9.—'A Long Lost Point in History.' Annual Address: L. W. Ledyard. April 10.—'Extracts from a Journal of a first Sandwich Island Missionary.' Mrs. Maria S. Loomis. Read by A. Seward. May 8.—'Political Poem.' John H. Lothrop. Read by Dr. M. M. Bagg. June 5.—'Antiquities of Onondaga.' Rev. W. M. Beauchamp. September 11.—'Eulogy on George P. Marsh.' Rev. Dr. S. G. Brown. October 9.—'Familiar Talk about Mexico.' Dr. E. Hutchinson. November 13.—'The Streets of Utica.' L. M. Taylor. December 11.—'Cannibalism.' General C. W. Darling. 1884. January 15.—'Social System of our New York Indians.' Annual Address: Rev. Dr. Charles Hawley. February 12.—'Ancient Utica.' George C. Sawyer. March 31.—'Memorial of S. Wells Williams.' T. W. Seward. 'Extracts from Military Journal of Colonel Frederick Visscher.' S. G. Visscher. April 28.—'Colonel John Brown.' Rev. Dr. G. L. Roof. November 24.—'Fort Stanwix and other Forts at Rome.' D. E. Wager. 1885. January 13.—'The Greek Idea of the State.' Annual Address: Professor Edward North. March 30.—'The Gazetteers of New York.' S. N.

- D. North. September 28.—'The Manuscripts of His Excellency, Daniel D. Tompkins, which have recently come into possession of the State Library:' Henry A. Homes. October 26.—'Lecture on Iceland:' Rev. T. R. G. Peck. 1886. January 12.—'Early Protestant Missions Among the Iroquois.' Annual address: Professor A. C. Hopkins. January 25.—'The Utica Water Works:' Thomas Hopper, esquire. February 22.—'The Principal Works on the Botany of this Vicinity:' Dr. Joseph B. Haberer. March 29.—'Origin and Early Life of the New York Iroquois:' Rev. W. M. Beauchamp. April 26.—'Annotated List of the Birds of Oneida County, New York, and of its Immediate Vicinity:' Egbert Bagg. May 31.—'Pre-historic Remains in Sweden; translated from the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society of Sweden:' Thomas R. Colling. September 21.—'Sangerfield, New York: Its Development and its Industries:' Honorable Amos O. Osborn. November 29.—'Pre-historic Remains in Sweden' (continued): T. R. Colling. 1887. March 28.—'Recollections of Joseph Bonaparte:' S. L. Frey. 'Were Shikellimy and Logan Oneidas?' Rev. W. M. Beauchamp. April 25.—'Reminiscences of Oneida County.' By Colonel J. T. Watson. October 31.—'Gibraltar and Morocco.' By Rev. Dr. Peck.

C. W. DARLING.

## BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

[THE following, from the pen of D. W. Cross, esq., needs no apology or explanation. It is worthy of permanent preservation, as illustrating the poetical side of the Great Bridge War.—EDITOR.]

## CANTO I.

On hills, like Rome, two cities might be seen,  
(Meand'ring Cuyahoga flowed between);  
Whose rival spires in rivalry arose,  
The pride of friends, the envy of their foes.  
Each rival ruler of each rival town  
On his would smile, but on the other frown.  
Each sought for greatness in his rival's fall,  
Regardless that the world was made for all.  
The mighty theme that filled their hearts with woe  
Was fear that that faster than this would grow.  
Envy and hatred waxed to frenzied height!  
Naught, could appease but fierce and bloody fight.

The culmination came! A peanut stand  
Erected by a "combination" band  
Of desperate men of capital, who swore  
No trade should be diverted from their shore.  
They claimed that Clark and Willey, reckless, sought  
To build a bridge. The right of way was bought  
Already! And they then designed to build  
Columbus street and bridge! This rumor filled  
Their souls with madness and their eyes with tears!  
To think that peanut stand, the toil of years,  
Should for the want of patronage decay,  
And trade and barter turn some other way.  
They all agreed this could not be allowed,  
And boisterous bellowings agitate the crowd!

Then the great ruler blew his bugle strong!  
Instant, responsive came the motley throng.  
"To arms!" he cried, "and to the bridge repair,  
And save the peanut stand or perish there.  
Bring oil, and fire, and guns—the d—d concern  
Shall be consumed. We'll laugh to see it burn."

## CANTO II.

The other party, cool, but not less firm,  
Sadly observant of the growing germ  
Of war intestine, on Cuyahoga's shore—  
Of people slaughtered, weltring in their gore,  
Resolved to meet the crisis and their fate,  
Like pugilistics of the "heavy weight!"

Then rang the voice of noble Willey, loud,  
Respect and firmness sway the listening crowd:  
"Let Craw and Sanford be detailed to bring  
The rusty 'bull-dog' in the fighting ring.  
Tom Colahan and John R. St. John, load!  
And B. O'Conner, make the thing explode!"

With wondrous promptness "Jim" brought out  
The gun,  
His face lit up with mingled fight and fun.  
"Tom" charged her full to squelch the dreadful  
row,  
O'Conner fired—and *killed the Mayor's sow!*

With pistols armed and fired with martial rage,  
Our gallant Colonel,\* eager to engage,  
Rushed to the conflict at the Mayor's call,  
Resolved to nobly stand or nobly fall.  
Skilled in the art of arms, his actions fill  
The halting crowd with new desire to kill.

Good-hearted Mills and Sheriff H. renew  
The flagging conflict—but they both fell through  
The gapping holes the planks removed had made.  
A trap, sardonic, to destroy them laid—  
But happily they caught a friendly brace,  
Their bodies safely dangling in space.

Filled with revenge well mixed with rage and fear,  
The East Side shot at a West Sider's ear;  
But haste and fear obscured his misty ken—  
The erring buck-shot struck his abdomen!  
His anxious bride, claimed but a month his own,  
Received him groaning. But without a groan  
With loving fortitude she probed the wound,  
And—joy ecstatic—not a scratch was found!  
The shock and impact of the buck-shot spent  
Caused him alarm—his bowels but a dent.  
A cry of horror came from t'other side.  
They filled with sadness, these exulting pride.  
"Cease firing!" Sheriff Henderson commands;  
"Let no more blood be shed! I wash my hands  
Of this whole business! Cruel and fraternal  
Murder! No less, and nothing more infernal."

## CANTO III.

Now turn we to the other side, to find  
Designs, most hostile, rev'ling in their mind.

\* Colonel Charles Whittlesey.

Van Tine and Ludlow, Barstow and the rest,  
 With streaming coat-tails to the rescue pressed.  
 Brave Russell, mounted on a limping steed,  
 Winslow and Whitman, Standart, Griffith, Smead,  
 Ward and Sid, Burton, Powell, Tisdale brave,  
 Townsend and Tyler, honest Barber grave,  
 Sanford and Sheldon and the bold D. Lamb,  
 Risley and Burnham, Burrows and "Old Sam,"  
 With fire and fervor to the front they came,  
 Resolved to perish or to live in fame!

Thus gathered by their chieftain on the plain,  
 The few survivors of their comrade slain,  
 In burning eloquence, haranguing said:  
 "Gallant survivors of the ghastly dead!  
 Thrice armed is he whose cause for fight is just!  
 To arms, and conquer! *Conquer them or bust!*  
 'Tis true my aids report: 'No guns on hand—  
 No war-like 'quipments' fit to make a stand';  
 But to give up before a blow is struck  
 Might argue cowardice or want of pluck.  
 Let some bold heroes, stripping to the shirt,  
 Man the fire engine—on them water squirt!  
 Such cooling missiles will their ardor fix,  
 And may, forgive us, gods, their whisky mix!"

In desperate cases cooler heads arise.  
 Laden with wisdom kindred to the skies,

And on the troubled waters oil they pour,  
 Ending all conflict and the flow of gore.  
 Timely arose a wise and prudent man  
 And craved a hearing to disclose his plan;  
 'Twas this: "In council let the fathers meet,  
 And by decree resolve to grade the street;  
 Select a band of rough and ready men  
 More used to pitchfork than the scholar's pen,  
 With vig'rous arm to wield the hoe and spade,  
 Destroy the street and call the work 'a grade!'"

Applauses loud these words of wisdom greet,  
 And, bowing low, the speaker took his seat.  
 The men selected to the bridge repair,  
 They delve, and dig, and sweat, and curse, and  
 swear;  
 They sweat and swear, especially those,  
 Too late discovering "something" spoiled their  
 clothes.  
 Next day the other side the gap fill up  
 And crown their triumph in the flowing cup.

The "West" proclaimed that strife should rage  
 no more.  
 The sow was paid for and the war was o'er.  
 A sober second thought their actions guide,  
 And broils no more the "West" and "East" divide.  
 A bridge high-level spans the gulf between,  
 Crowning, harmonious, both in hays of green.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

MEASURES are already under way in Pittsburgh and Allegheny for an appropriate celebration of the centennial of Allegheny county, and prominent men and associations are engaged in preparations that will make it one of the great events in the history of the two thriving and busy cities at the head of the Ohio. A history of the county is to be prepared, and when it is said that the work is committed to the hands of Isaac Craig, William M. Darlington and Rev. Mr. Lambing, no further guarantee of the high character and reliability of the work is needed. Pittsburgh is wonderfully rich in history and reminiscence, and it is fortunate indeed that so large a share of public attention has been, and is turned toward the placing of it upon permanent record.

THE series of articles upon the early days and the beginnings of things in Northern Ohio, promised some time since, is continued in this issue by an able and carefully prepared paper by George F. Marshall, one of Cleveland's oldest and best-known citizens, upon the early builders of the Forest City—a paper of which it may be said, like Charles Reade's "musty chronicle written in tolerable Latin," "Every sentence holds a fact." Mr. Marshall does not leave anything to guess work, and when he is not sure of his information, he braves the winter winds that he has braved so many years and goes out and makes sure. The things he tells of the old buildings all about us, and of the men who built them—some of whom are yet hale and hearty in our midst—are not only history, but under the deft touch of his pen they take on the interest of story-telling, and enchain the attention to the end.

IN perusing the first article in this issue, that of General M. D. Leggett, on the "Early

School History of Ohio," the part taken by its distinguished author in the formation of the educational system of the state must not be overshadowed by his eminent services in the army, nor in civil life of a later date. Himself a teacher of several years' experience, he entered heart and soul into the work of arousing public sentiment to the need of an enlarged and free common school education; and when the system was inaugurated he was one of the executive means by which it was made a grand success, and won even the tardy support of those who had doubted or condemned.

MAJOR ROBERT DAVIS, a distinguished officer of the artillery in the Revolution, and who subsequently attained the rank of brigadier-general, was the maternal greatgrandfather of Honorable Charles W. Dana of San Luis Obispo, and of General Charles W. Darling, formerly engineer-in-chief of the state of New York, on the staff of Governor Fenton. Major Davis was an active member of the Boston Tea Party, and helped to throw the tea overboard in 1773. History states that his resemblance to Washington was so striking that he was often taken for him, and he also enjoyed the confidence and personal acquaintance of the great leader of our armies in revolutionary times. When the Yankee troops followed the retreating British to the outlet of Boston harbor, he sent to his wife, by a special messenger, the earliest news of their final departure, written on part of a barrel head, the only stationery then at hand. He was brother of Honorable Caleb Davis (speaker of the house of representatives, Massachusetts, 1780,) and of General Amasa Davis. All the brothers resided in Boston, and were members of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts." A daughter of Major Robert Davis married William Ely, a promi-

nent resident of Hartford, Connecticut. The marriage occurred in 1811, and it is said of this daughter, that her personal beauty was only equaled by the loveliness of her character. Another daughter married William Dana of Boston, Massachusetts, whose ancestry dates back to early colonial times. Her miniature on ivory, painted by Malbone, is now in possession of General Darling of Utica, New York, and by it it is easy to perceive that she too must have been remarkable for her beauty. These miniatures have attracted great attention, as they are among the most remarkable specimens of that great artist's work. They are remarkable for their beauty and finish, and are admirably well-preserved.

MALBONE, above referred to, was born in 1777, at Newport, Rhode Island, visited London in 1801, and received much attention from the president of the royal academy, who urged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition. He preferred his own country, however, and returned to the United States at the close of the same year, where, by reason of his intense professional labors, his health became so much impaired that in the summer of 1806 he was compelled to visit the south, where he died in Savannah, May 7, 1807.

It certainly will be interesting to the families of Ely and Darling, and maybe to many others, to note the following facts: Richard Ely came from Plymouth, England, in 1660, the year of the Restoration in England, and settled on the Connecticut river at Lyme. He was a Puritan, and, perhaps, sought New England that he might be undisturbed in the free exercise of his religious faith. He held a high office in England, was a favorite with, and received great honor from royalty. There is now in the family an old silver tankard which was presented to him by the King of France, as a token of friendship and esteem; also a ring, the gift of Charles I. to one of the ancestors of Richard Ely. When King Charles, with his halberdiers, invaded the house of commons in 1642,

Richard Ely sided with parliament against the king's infringement of the liberties of the English people, and became a noble-spirited supporter of the institutions of law and just government. His death occurred November 24, 1684. Truly has it been said that the coming of Richard Ely from his home of luxury and wealth in England is not only a glorious picture of noble heroism and daring, but it shows a sturdy adherence to principle in the face of trouble and danger. The eldest son of Richard Ely of Lyme, by his father's second marriage to Phebe Hubbard of Middletown, Connecticut, was Rev. Richard Ely of Saybrook, Connecticut. He was born in Lyme, Connecticut, September 30, 1733. His education was obtained at Yale College. After his graduation he studied theology, and was ordained in the ministry. He died August 23, 1814. His two sons he prepared for Yale College, and gave them a medical education, although the youngest, William Ely of Hartford, Connecticut, did not follow the profession. His daughters married professional men, one of whom, Clarinda, born March 23, 1759, married, December 22, 1799, Dr. Samuel Darling of New Haven, Connecticut. He was the son of Judge Thomas Darling of New Haven, Connecticut, a distinguished jurist, who is described in history as not more remarkable for the strength of his intellectual powers than for modesty, candor and the strictest integrity. President Styles writes: "He was a man of large stature, of a strong reasoning mind, calm and judicious, of integrity and uprightness, and of dignified behaviour." The published records of the New Haven Historical society state that he resided in that part of New Haven which now lies in Woodbridge. He was a graduate of Yale College, a sincere loyalist in the war, a judge of the county court, and a sterling man. He was distinguished as a lawyer, highly esteemed as a judge, and noted for his lofty integrity and strong Christian character. His wife, Abigail Noyes Darling, was the daughter of Rev. Joseph Noyes, a graduate of Yale College in 1709, who married, November 6, 1716, Abigail, daughter of Rev. James Pierpont. Rev.

James Pierpont was born January 4, 1659, graduated at Harvard 1681, and married Sarah Haynes in 1694, May 30. The father of Sarah Haynes was Rev. Joseph Haynes, born 1641, died 1679. The father of Rev. Joseph Haynes was Governor John Haynes of Connecticut.

FROM 'The Ohio Journal of Education,' Columbus, 1852, Vol. I. page 285, reprinted from the *Ohio State Journal*: "We have received a very neatly printed pamphlet from Harris & Fairbanks' office, giving the sixteenth annual report of the board of managers for the year ending March 14th, 1852, by G. Willey, acting manager. The schools of Cleveland are now, and for years have been, in a flourishing condition. There are 11 primary schools, 11 teachers, and 1,120 scholars; intermediate, 9 schools, 9 teachers, and 734 scholars; senior, 7 schools, 14 teachers, and 696 scholars; the high school, 2 teachers and 96 scholars, making in all 39 teachers and 2,575 scholars. Total expenditure for the year, \$10,598.57. There are 1,500 volumes in the public school libraries. The city of Cleveland ought to be grateful, as no doubt it is, to Mr. Willey, for the labor he has bestowed upon the common schools of that city. His praise is on every tongue, and he will long be remembered as a benefactor to the beautiful Forest City."

IN gathering material for the future historian, and storing it safely in these pages, it has seemed to us a part of duty to secure and preserve in a compact, correct and—so far as the space will permit—complete form the record of the various societies that have done so nobly in this great work, and are the means of preserving vast masses of valuable information that would otherwise have been lost. In other words, we begin in this issue a series of articles upon the various historical societies of the country, which will be continued from month to month, until the field has been as fully covered as circumstances will admit. This month's installment gives the record of the Oneida Historical Society of Utica, New York, from the

pen of General Charles W. Darling, its secretary; to be followed in turn by that of the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society of Cleveland, written by Mr. D. W. Manchester, its secretary; and that to be followed in turn by that of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, by its corresponding secretary, Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. Other articles of a like character are in course of preparation. The value of such a series can be easily understood, and the coöperation of the various organizations interested is asked in the belief that it will be most willingly granted.

PROFESSOR B. A. HINSDALE'S book on the Northwest territory, now in course of publication, will be an interesting and valuable addition to our historical literature. He has made the matter one of careful study and research, and his statements and conclusions can be relied upon as nearly allied to the facts of the case as it is within the power of man to get.

A FITTING tribute to an organization that has done yeoman service is the collection of material concerning the early days and the pioneers of Kentucky, appeared in the *Louisville Courier Journal* of December 18, in an illustrated sketch of the Filson Club, which has its headquarters in that city. Portraits of John Filson, Reuben T. Durrett, Richard H. Collins, John Mason Brown, Zach. F. Smith, Thomas Speed, W. H. Whitsett and W. H. Perrin added interest to an already interesting article. The *Journal* says of the society: "Three years ago some of the most cultivated gentlemen in this city formed a society for the purpose of investigating and disseminating the history of their state. They appropriately named it the Filson Club, after the man who first put in manuscript the chronicles of Kentucky. These men had as the motive of their labors neither personal vanity nor ambition, but a desire to collect and print for the use of investigations the facts attending the birth and youth of Kentucky. They were animated by patriotism throughout their undertaking, and all have had a sincere desire to see the state rather than themselves

glorified. They were fully conscious that all great events cease to be such unless they are given a fitting narration and are preserved for those who come after."

ONE of the most prominent members of the club, speaking in behalf of the others, has said that their work has never been a task to any of them, but has rather been a delightful rest and variation from their every-day toil, and all have been informed and refreshed by it. He says that his own researches have shown him that the fields of chronology do not furnish anything more interesting or romantic than the annals of that state. The subject is not a mere dry relation of events, a compilation of names and dates, but it has all the realism and vitality of a novel written by a master mind. The Filson Club was formally organized May 15, 1884. On that day Reuben T. Durrett, Richard H. Collins, William Chenault, John Mason Brown, George M. Davie, Basil W. Duke, James S. Pirtle, Alexander P. Humphrey and Thomas Speed assembled at the residence of Colonel Durrett, No. 202 East Chestnut street. The object of the organization, as has been stated, was to acquire, preserve and make useful original historic matter relating to Kentucky. Without much discussion it was decided to name it the Filson Club, after John Filson. Colonel Durrett was elected president and Captain Speed was chosen secretary. With this simple organization, without excess of officers or elaborate by-laws and constitution, the intended work was begun.

This club, it may be remarked in passing, is a model in its way, and it would be well for American history if one or more like it could be constituted in every city in the land, especially in localities where larger societies with museums, libraries and collections cannot well exist. One does not need money to become a member of the Filson club. No initiation fee is required, and there are no membership dues. "The gentleman or lady," adds the *Courier Journal* in continuation of the above account, "who had brains and learning and character

enough to become a member could do so without paying money for it, and to this placing of the rich and the poor upon an equal footing in the club, something of the success of the organization is attributed. The club meets the first Monday night of each month in the library of Colonel Durrett, who, by unanimous consent, is still the president, and thus avoids the expense of room rent, servant's hire and the other expenses which are usually incident to such organizations. Colonel Durrett's large and well selected library is at the service of every member. One paper, previously prepared, is read at each meeting, and the balance of the time is consumed in discussing either the subject of the paper or any others in which the members take an interest. The first publication which the club gave to the public was the 'Life and Writings of John Filson, the First Historian of Kentucky.' This was written by Colonel Durrett, and read at the meeting June 26, 1884. It was printed the same year as Filson Club Publications No. 1. It is a quarto of 132 pages, beautifully printed on antique paper and bound in rough fancy paper. It was so attractive in appearance as to get the name of Edition de Luxe all over the country. Before this book appeared very little was known of John Filson, who wrote the first history of the state, but now all is known about him that need be known. The work, moreover, rescued from oblivion, as it were, Filson's map of Kentucky, and placed this important chart within the reach of every reader. Without this map the early history of Kentucky could not be known, and if the Filson club were never to make another publication, this single contribution to the geographical history of the pioneer state would entitle it to a prominent place among such societies."

THE second publication was the 'Wilderness Road,' by Thomas Speed, which appeared in 1886 as Filson Club Publications No. 2. This is a quarto of 75 pages in the same style of printing and binding as the life of Filson. It tells all about the traces and bridle-paths and ways by which the pioneers came to Kentucky,

and presents a fine picture of the old Wilderness road over the mountains, from Virginia through the Cumberland gap.

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OTHER publications are being prepared, and

in many ways the club is doing a most admirable work. The public-spirited gentlemen who have it in charge are laying the foundations of an organization that at some time will be a matter of pride not only to Kentucky but to the entire west.

## DOCUMENTS.

## AN OLD, OLD POEM.

THE following—in the shape of an old and brown Memorial leaflet—has been sent by a correspondent, with a request for its insertion, so that the facts may have permanent preservation. It will prove itself, in respect to the story it tells and the poem attached, a well-

remembered episode to many who read it. An interesting fact will be supplied in the statement that the babe who “looked up and sweetly smiled,” is now a venerable lady, residing in this city. The leaflet is as follows:

A true and particular statement of the sufferings of

HARRISON GRAY BLAKE,

and the death of his wife on the Green Mountain; taken from the relation of the above mentioned Mr. B. and from Mr. Richardson, the young man who first found the sufferers.

On the 19th of December, 1821, Mr. Harrison G. Blake set out from Salem, N. Y., with his wife and one child about fourteen months old, with a view of visiting their parents in Marlboro, Vt.; they proceeded with a horse and sleigh to the foot of the Green Mountains on the west side, where they stopped, the snow being about five inches deep, and enquired concerning the road over the Mountain, and was told by the landlord that the road was good, and that a loaded team would travel from that place to Wardsboro in three hours—they left the tavern, as Mr. Blake says, about 1 o'clock—they proceeded to ascend the Mountain and found the traveling to be tolerably good for 2 or 3 miles, where they came to the end of any trodden road, except a man or horse had passed that way, and the snow about 3 feet deep, they continued to make the best of their way forward, but their horse became so fatigued that they were obliged to disengage him from the sleigh; and Mrs. Blake with her child proceeded on horseback, and Mr. Blake on foot, until the horse refused to travel, his strength being exhausted. They then endeavored to travel on foot, and Mr. Blake left his wife in quest of help; agreeing to answer each other by hallooing as long as they could.

It being in the night, the weather cold, the snow deep, and a gloomy forest of nine miles through, darkened the way, so but a small progress could be made.

Mr. Blake found himself to fail, being debilitated in his feet and legs, supposing his feet to be balled with snow, having left his great coat and mittens with his wife—his fingers were so frozen that he could not tell what the matter was; but by going to a tree and striking them against it, found they were frozen. He proceeded forward until he became so exhausted that he could not walk, and then endeavored to get along by the help of a stick which he laid before him, and then drew himself forward until at length he could get no farther.

In this shocking situation his wife called to him and asked if he was likely to obtain help to which he replied that he could get no farther; upon which she said she would come to him, and they would die together. But, alas! the King of terrors armed with wintry blasts chills the night and the cold driven snow stood to guard the solitary path.

Mr. Blake and his wife all this whole time continued to halloo for help, and was heard by a certain man, the first inhabitant from them, and by a woman who went some distance in the night to obtain help; but none went to their relief at present. But a certain Mr. Richardson had gone over the Mountain, and had not returned according to appointment, and a rumor was carried to his son, in the middle of Stratton, by the school-children, that they supposed his father to be on the Mountain in distress, it being 11 o'clock of the 20th of De-

cember, upon which the young man immediately started, and went on to the Mountain two miles beyond inhabitants, and found Mr. Blake lying upon his face, apparently trying to throw off his clothes, and making a strange noise. He took him up but he was senseless, and his hands and feet badly frozen; after rubbing him, and giving him some spirits the young man had brought, he took him up and carried him towards the first inhabitants until he had help. Mr. Blake, by this time, had so far recovered as to inform Mr. Richardson that his wife and child was on the Mountain.

Mr. Blake was carried into a house about 4 o'clock, P. M., where such things were administered as his situation required.

Mr. Richardson then went in pursuit of Mrs. Blake and the child, and found Mrs. Blake about forty rods beyond the place where Mr. Blake was taken up. She lay upon her face in the snow—they raised her up—she breathed 3 or 4 times and expired.

They then proceeded on for the child, and found it about 150 rods farther back. It smiled—they took it up and returned. It was not frozen, except the large toe on one foot, it having been wrapped in the parents great coats and a blanket. As soon as it was convenient Mr. Blake and his child were carried to his father's house, in Marlboro, where he has been under the care of Dr. Tucker, and has lost all his toes on his left foot, except the great toe, and is recovering as fast as could be expected.

N. B.—The remains of Mrs. Blake were interred at Marlboro, on the Tuesday following her decease, with funeral solemnities.

The following beautiful stanzas were written many years ago, by SEBA SMITH, Esq. of Ohio, for the Medina (Ohio) Whig, on the death of Mrs. Blake. Mrs. B. was the mother of Harrison G. Blake, Esq. of Medina, O.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child;  
As through the drifted snows she pressed,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—  
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone  
O God! she cried in accents wild,  
If I must perish save my child!

She stripped her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
As round the child she wrapped her vest  
She smiled to think her babe was warm.  
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil,—  
The frost of death was in her eye—  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale,  
He moved the robe from off the child,—  
The child looked up and sweetly smiled.

In connection with the above, the following, concerning a member of this same family, cannot but be of interest:

Honorable Harrison Gray Blake, son of Harrison G. and Lucy (Goodell) Blake, was born in New Fane, Windham county, Vermont, March 17, 1819, and died in Medina, Medina county, Ohio, April 16, 1876. He was elected a member of the lower house of the Ohio legislature in 1846, when only twenty-seven years old, and reelected the following year. After that he was twice elected to the state senate.

He was chosen its speaker on the three hundredth and first ballot by the combined votes of the Whigs and Free-soilers after a bitter contest. In 1858 he was elected to congress to succeed Mr. Spink, who had died before that body met, and reelected in 1860, serving through the Thirty-seventh congress under Lincoln's administration. As a member of the committee on post-offices he originated, reported and secured the passage of the bill which gave to the country the present post-office money order system. This measure itself is sufficient

to link his name with the history of the most useful legislation of this great Nation. During Lincoln's administration Mr. Blake was offered the governorship of one of the territories, but declined it. He was in the military service in 1864 as colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth regiment, defending the National capital; served as deputy United States collector, and for many years was successively chosen mayor of Medina by the almost unanimous vote of its citizens.

#### IN THE WAR OF 1812.

The following letter was written by Jos. H. Larwill to the late Gen. Henry Knox Craig, from Detroit, during the last war with England: published now for the first time:

Detroit, Augt 14th 1814.

Dear Sir:

I have the pleasure to announce the receipt of yours of the 2d inst. by last mail. We have heard of Genl Browns army retreating to Fort Erie. The inhabitants here are very much concerned, they think their own safety in a great measure depends upon the success of the army under comd of Genl Brown. On Thursday afternoon the 11th inst. a party of 150 Indians that came out here with Govr Cass from the treaty of Greenville crossed over to the Canada side they will be gone 10 or 12 days and will proceed up the river Thames to Delaware where report states is a British and Indian force thence go to Lake Erie to the round O and up to Malden. No intelligence has yet arrived from the troops that went up the Lakes on the Expedition against Mackinaw—it is believed that they are besieging the fort. Should the British have received (as it is believed) reinforcements from Montreal and have a good supply of provisions it will be attended with considerable delay nature has done much for its defence—

The posts in this neighbourhood are very weak being drained of troops for the expedition to Mackinaw—and the term of the militia expires that are here in a few days—some regu-

lar force are on their march to retain the posts expected in a few days. Lt. G. Donneghey is stricken from the rolls by the influence of some person to the East—I expect to be in shortly and will then inform you more particularly respecting E. and the other place you mention in yours—I have resigned and become a Citizen.

I am respectfully

Your friend & Humble Servt

JOS. H. LARWILL

*Capt. H. K. Craig.*

P. S. direct to me at Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio—you will not cease to let me hear from you. I send this to Pittsburgh thinking it probable you may be there.

#### INTRODUCING BLENNERHASSETT.

From John Harris, assistant quartermaster at Fort Washington, (Cincinnati, O.) to Major Isaac Craig:

Philadelphia, 12th October, 1796.

Sir, Permit me to recommend to your attention Mr. Harman Blennerhassett, a Gentleman lately from Europe, and now emigrating with his Family to Kentucky—he will leave this City in about a week for Pittsburgh—where he will supply himself with Boats for his tour down the Ohio.—if you should have two small Boats of about twenty feet each on hand, or could promise two of those dimentions—he engages himself to take them on his arrival.

James Hamilton (waggoner) has fifteen packages of kinds—weighing together Twelve hundred & ninty eight pounds Nett—which he will thank you to have deposited in your stores 'till his arrival—James has also a Negro—wench—whom he wishes you to take into your Kitchen, or put her into that of some of your Friends & keep her at work, until his arrival—Any favors which are in your power shew him I shall receive as conferred on myself—

Be pleased to present my Compliments to Mrs. Craig—

I am Sir, with Esteem

Your most Obedt Servt

JNO. HARRIS.

*Major Isaac Craig.*

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

[CONTRIBUTIONS to this department are solicited—covering meetings of importance; information as to valuable or rare accessions; elections of officers; the preparation or publication of special historical or biographical papers; and all other matters pertaining to the various organizations that are working in many directions toward one common end. Communications can be received as late as the twenty-fifth of each month.]

painting, and, altogether, worth more than double what we are to pay for it.

This information is published solely in the interest of western history, of which portraits are important and interesting monuments.

OSCAR W. COLLET,  
Treas. Mo. Hist. Soc.

ST. LOUIS, December 31, 1887.

## THE PORTRAIT OF DRED SCOTT.

*To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY:*

THE Missouri Historical society intends to have painted an oil portrait, life size, 25 x 30 canvas, of Dred Scott, a man of small account, who yet is an important personage in that he represents a great cause, and his name stands most prominent among the negro race in the United States. The contest over his freedom, in the event, involved issues far beyond the occasion, and which, brought into the domain of practical politics, contributed not a little to advance the life and death struggle that culminated in the disappearance of slavery from our soil.

The battle in the courts, which ended in what is known as the "Dred Scott Decision," began in the west; in the west Scott lived the greater part of his life, in the west he died; and although his name, and what it represents, will be forever a part of American history, they belong in an especial manner to the Valley of the Mississippi.

Except the material—ample, fortunately—which the society possesses, there are none in existence from which a true likeness of Dred Scott can be produced; but they are perishing rapidly. To preserve what should be perpetuated, the portrait is to be painted; and as a safeguard against the accidental destruction of that which otherwise could never be rehabilitated, it was ordered that two portraits might be simultaneously painted, provided some person or society, preferably elsewhere, desiring one remitted the price, \$150, before the work was taken in hand. The portrait will not only be a true likeness, but of great merit as a

## THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT UTICA, NEW YORK.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Oneida Historical society was held December 19, 1887, at its rooms in the City Library building, President E. H. Roberts in the chair. A large audience was present to hear Dr. Smith Baker read a paper on "The Life and Influence of Rev. Beriah Green," a noted Abolitionist of Oneida county, at a time when it required nerve to entertain such views. Honorable Frederick Cook, secretary of state, and William Carey Jones, corresponding secretary of the California Historical society, were elected corresponding members, and Professor Charles A. Borst of Hamilton college was proposed as a resident member. On motion of Alexander Seward, General C. W. Darling, General Sylvester Deering, General R. U. Sherman, Colonel I. J. Gray and Colonel J. T. Watson were named to represent the society at the semi-centennial celebration of the Utica Citizens' corps, a military organization of Utica, which served through the War of the Rebellion and furnish many prominent officers for the army. It was then announced that the annual meeting of this society will be held January 10, 1888, when Professor Oren Root of Hamilton college will deliver the annual address. On motion of Rev. Dr. Hartley, seconded by Dr. M. M. Bagg, the meeting adjourned.

THE Mahoning Valley Historical society is one of the live organizations of Ohio. General T. J. McLain of Warren is president, and Dr. J. F. Wilson of Youngstown, secretary.

## AMONG THE BOOKS.

'GUATEMALA: THE LAND OF THE QUETZAL.'  
By William T. Brigham, A. M. Published  
by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Re-  
ceived from The Burrows Brothers' book  
house, Cleveland.

The elegant book that has been given to the public under the above title, is a contribution to historical literature of unusual value, because it traverses a land and tells of a people little known, and brings both before the eye in a manner to chain the interest and yield abundant information. The time has come when attention is turning toward the long-neglected countries of Central America, and, as the author says, "When the ship-railway of Eads crosses the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, when the Northern Railroad extends through Guatemala, when the Transcontinental Railway traverses the plains of Honduras, and the Nicaraguan canal unites the Atlantic and the Pacific, the charm will be broken, the mule-posts and the *mono de cargo* will be supplanted, and a journey across Central America become almost as dull as a journey from Chicago to Cheyenne." But none of that charm is missing from Mr. Brigham's book. The notes here so intelligently and carefully set down during three journeys in Guatemala and Honduras come into excellent and timely use, now that attention is turned to ward those dark and hidden lands, and the civilization of the North is making itself felt in a region so rich by nature, and so poor in energy and application. He "does not pretend to offer a monograph on Guatemala, nor to add to the general knowledge of Central America; but remembering the lack of guidance from which he suffered, in traveling through the country," would "in some measure save others from the same inconvenience." The work has been well performed, and a land neglected by the traveler and the writer, and less known to the American people than the interior of Africa, is

laid bare before the reader, and in such manner that the interest never flags. The book is profuse in illustrations, the most of which are from photographic plates made by the author upon the spot. Maps and statistics are taken from the government reports; and although Mr. Brigham disclaims anything of the kind, he has, in fact, given us a book of travels, of personal experience, and a history of "the land of the Quetzal" as well.

'POCAHONTAS, AND HER DESCENDANTS  
THROUGH HER MARRIAGE AT JAMESTOWN,  
VIRGINIA, IN APRIL, 1614, WITH JOHN ROLFE,  
GENTLEMAN;' with biographical sketches by  
Wyndham Robertson, and Illustrative His-  
torical notes by R. A. Brock. Published by  
J. W. Randolph & English, Richmond, Va.

The world has no more tired of this romantic and beautiful story of the Indian princess of the new world, than the children have of Jack the Giant Killer, or the Arabian Nights; and each telling, whether as romance or history, finds a ready and eager circle of auditors. The care and pains that have been taken in the preparation of the above work, and the logic of its conclusions, have resulted in a book that ought to be taken as a final authority upon a long and much debated question, as to the identity, character, and connections of this forest flower that found a home and happiness near the court of England, and left a posterity in some of the best families of the new world. Research, study, and a deep honesty of purpose have been shown in the gathering up of all the information extant concerning her, and not the least interesting feature is the sharp and able refutation of the attacks upon her character as a woman that have appeared in these late iconoclastic days. The table of her descendants contained in the volume is one of the most valuable features of the work.

'ON THE WING THROUGH EUROPE.' By a Business Man. Published by Theo. L. De Vinne & Co., New York.

It is no betrayal of confidence to state that the Business Man who has done a favor to the literature of travel and those who enjoy glimpses of the Old World in the production of the above book, is none other than Francis C. Sessions, of Columbus, Ohio, whose various articles in this magazine from time to time have so deeply interested and instructed its readers. The first edition of the work won so favorable a welcome that a second has now been sent forth, to be received with the same favor. It is fully and admirably illustrated. Mr. Sessions has the gift of a dual vision—he sees both as a business man and an artist, and writes altogether like a man of letters. There is little in European capitals or large cities that he has not seen, and he makes his pages instinct with life. He passes rapidly from one point to another, and yet seems to do justice to all; and while he speaks much of places, he also finds time and occasion to sketch a number of the eminent men whom it was his good fortune to meet.

'FEDERAL TAXES AND STATE EXPENSES; OR THE DECAY OF SEPARATE STATE POWER OF EXCISE UNDER THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, AND THE COMPENSATION THEREIN PROVIDED FOR IT; AND THE RELATION OF THE GENERAL CIVIL ADMINISTRATION UNDER SEPARATE STATE AUTHORITY, TO THE GENERAL WELFARE OF THE UNITED STATES UNDER THE FEDERAL AUTONOMY.' By William H. Jones. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Received from Cobb, Andrews & Co., Cleveland.

The above constitutes number thirty-nine of the very valuable series the Messrs. Putnam are publishing under the name of 'Questions of the Day.' Mr. Jones has studied the questions stated in the above title and sub-title, from the foundation up, and even those who do not agree with his conclusions as a doctrine in political science must certainly give him credit for research, a power of analysis, and a purpose to be fair and logical to the end. The outline of the book can be found in the title. We are told

by the author that when he commenced his investigations he "had no idea of reaching the conclusions" to which he was led—which would show that he had not set out with a theory to which all agreements must be forced, and all citations made to agree. He declares that he was led to his investigations "by the high rate of state taxes on property valuations for state and local expenses of the civil administration," and that his efforts were "long directed to the vain attempt to secure a remedy for the difficulty by harmonizing state and federal coöperation over the subjects of state taxation." The work is filled with historical references, and is a valuable treatise upon the little known and less understood subject of which it treats.

'THE KENTUCKY RESOLUTIONS OF 1798: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.' By Ethelbert Dudley Warfield, A. M., LL. B. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Received from Cobb, Andrews & Co., Cleveland.

To state merely the recorded facts of this important measure, and to describe by whom, when and where it came into being, with no reference to the causes that produced it, the effects that followed it, and the philosophy of National structure and constitutional construction involved within it, is to give the least important part of the history connected with it. Mr. Warfield has, therefore, the right to call his new-made book a study, as it is not only a history of the famous resolutions that meant so much upon the occasion of their adoption and so much more afterwards, but an answer to the suggestions that arise even at the most careless discussion of one of the great dividing lines in American history. In a preliminary reference to his work Mr. Warfield well says that the history of the measure "involves so many problems, and these problems are of so nice a character, that any one must needs feel the greatest hesitancy in undertaking to write it." But he found sufficient excuse for the attempt in the fact that before the preparation of his book there was "no connected account of the causes and circumstances of their adoption, and their

relation to the subsequent history of this country, except such as under many limitations is to be found in the histories of the United States under the constitution; none of those are calculated to make the subject plain to the average reader, and there is scarcely one that is not positively in error as to some important fact." That Mr. Warfield is fully competent by historical study, a fairness of statement, and a readiness of pen to make his history readable, as well as valuable for the information conveyed, is known to the people of the west who have read his able productions in these and other pages. No synopsis of the book is needed beyond a statement of the general points covered by the table of contents—Kentucky's growth toward the resolutions; John Breckenridge, the mover thereof; the resolutions themselves; the same before the states and congress; the authorship thereof; their doctrines and effects. Mr. Warfield's book, we are sure, will be recognized as a permanent authority upon the subject of which it treats.

**'NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE: A BIOGRAPHY.'** By Julian Hawthorne. Vols. I and II. Published by Ticknor & Company, Boston, Massachusetts, (with portraits).

The time has not come, nor do we think it ever will come, when the world will forget the dreamer, the story-teller, the poet who wrote in prose, whose life has been so graphically sketched by the son who has loyally, and yet fairly and truthfully rendered a tribute of love in the above-mentioned volumes. Hawthorne was one of those men who are lost and overlooked in the hurry of the generation in which they live, only to be recalled and remembered by those that come after. Many stories of his life have appeared, but none that can approach the present in material, appreciation, and a detail of statement. The material not accessible to others but at his hand in abundance, has enabled Mr. Julian Hawthorne to produce a memoir that gains a great deal of value not dependent at all upon himself; for, as he says in the preface, "I have allowed the subjects of the biography, and their friends, to speak for them-

selves whenever possible; and, fortunately, they have done so very largely. My own share of the matter," he adds, "has been chiefly confined to effecting a running connection between the component parts." He has not "cared to comment or to apologize, nor have I been concerned to announce or confirm a theory. This book is a simple record of their lives; and . . . if true love and married happiness should ever be in need of vindication, ample material for that purpose may be found in these volumes." He has said little of Hawthorne as an author, but much concerning him as a man. The two volumes are replete from first to last with the sparkle, tenderness, and freshness that combine by some wonderful alchemy to give Hawthorne a charm possessed to so great a degree by no other American writer, and a collection of his works will not now seem complete without these books, in which he seems to speak anew to a world in which his voice has been so long still. The letters between husband and wife, to and from their friends, and to their children, shed a light into the inner self and home life of the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' that no other sources of information could furnish. No story, even of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, approaches these works in the absorbing interest of the tale. The two volumes are beautifully illustrated, and have been prepared in the highest style of the printer's and binder's art.

**'HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: HIS LIFE, HIS WORKS, AND HIS FRIENDSHIPS.'** By George Lowell Austin. Published by Lee & Shephard, Boston.

Unusual opportunities were afforded Mr. Austin for the preparation of this really valuable and charming work, and he seems to have put them to good use. He formed the acquaintance of the great poet in 1868, a few days after taking up his residence in Cambridge. Several circumstances combined to ripen the acquaintance into friendship, and before long Mr. Longfellow suggested the preparation by Mr. Austin of a work that "should comprise in its subject matter very

full biographical data relative to our elder American poets." The suggestion was accepted, and in carrying it forward the poet gave his friend a great deal of information relative to his own ancestry and life. From that fountain-source, and others of which he made full and free use, the facts in this volume have been drawn. While the impress of personal acquaintance and contact is felt all through the book, it by no means follows that it is a work of recollections, but rather a complete, critical and extended life of the great poet who has recently passed away. To readers of the poet, it seems like the renewal of old acquaintances; to those who are not his readers in the close meaning of that word, it comes in the form of a revelation—a delightful glimpse of many new things, and a look into the very life and heart of the poet. The many illustrations scattered all through the volume are instructive and unique, giving his birth-place, early haunts, home of later years, study, etc., with portraits at various ages, and also the faces of some of his nearest literary friends. It would be needless to speak here of Longfellow himself, of his work and fame; of the place he holds in American literature; of the higher place he holds in the affections of thousands and tens of thousands to whom he has sung. Mr. Austin has said all these things far better and at greater length than could we, and no reader of Longfellow should fail to glean in the rich fields he has opened to us. It is a book that does all that the most earnest friend of the author of "Evangeline" and "Hyperion" could ask for it, and a higher demand could certainly be made upon no one.

'THE AMERICAN CAUCUS SYSTEM: ITS ORIGIN, PURPOSE AND UTILITY.' By George W. Lawton. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. (Questions of the Day, No. XXV).

A curiously entertaining and instructive little book is this, giving a great deal of information upon a subject that has become so important a part of political machinery that one does not see how it could be abolished without dam-

age to the whole structure—and yet a thing so often abused that its abolishment has been often called for. About all the information that can possibly be gained or needed on the subject has been packed within these pages.

'A SOLUTION OF THE MORMON PROBLEM.' By John Codman, author of 'The Mormon Country,' 'The Round Trip,' 'Free Ships,' etc. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Questions of the Day, No. XXI.)

Mr. Codman has certainly given this vexing and ever-present problem of Mormonism a close study, and when he offers a solution, it is worthy of heed. The sum of his series of citation of fact and argument is this: Send into Utah a host of missionaries taken from the ranks of the reorganized church of Latter Day Saints—those who repudiate Brigham Young and polygamy, and follow the fortunes of Joseph Smith of Plano, even as they and their followers believed in the Joseph Smith of Kirtland, Far West and Nauvoo; in other words, leave them alone in their religion of Mormon, but for the sake of common decency and the American name, let them be won from polygamy. It is an ingenious solution—but would it succeed?

'RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION: ITS HISTORY AND ITS LAWS.' By Arthur T. Hadley, commissioner of labor statistics of Connecticut, and instructor in political science in Yale college. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This publication aims to do two things: To present clearly the more important facts of American railroad business, and explain the principles involved; and to compare the railroad legislation of different countries, and the results achieved. The tasks set for himself by the author are far-reaching and intricate, but it must be confessed that he has performed them with no small measure of success. The subject is one of general importance—viewed from the standpoint of the law-maker, the capitalist, the laboring man, or the producer; and no light that can be thrown upon it from any source can be unwelcome. The value and

timeliness of the publication can be learned from a glance at its contents. The modern transportation system; the growth of United States internal commerce; railroad ownership and railroad speculation; competition and combination in theory; the same in practice; railroad charges and discrimination; railroad legislation in the United States; English railroad legislation; railroad policy in France; the railroad systems of central Europe; railroad legislation in Italy; results of state railroad management; with an appendix containing a mass of valuable information. The above will give a better idea of the work than we could in language of our own. The author is disposed to fairness, and has discussed carefully and ably a theme that has as many sides of attack and defense as any now before the American people.

The following pamphlet publications have been received:

'THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY,' and 'THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.' By Herbert B. Adams, associate professor of history in the Johns Hopkins University. Published by the National Bureau of Education.

'SEMINARY LIBRARIES AND UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.' Also by Professor Adams, No. XI, in fifth series of Johns Hopkins University studies in Historical and Political Science.

'LOUGHERY'S DEFEAT, AND PIGEON ROOST MASSACRE.' By Charles Martindale. No. 4 of Indiana Historical society publications.

'THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK, IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.' (A poem.) Dedicated to General L. P. di Cesnola, by General Charles W. Darling, corresponding secretary of the Oneida Historical society, Utica, New York.





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